

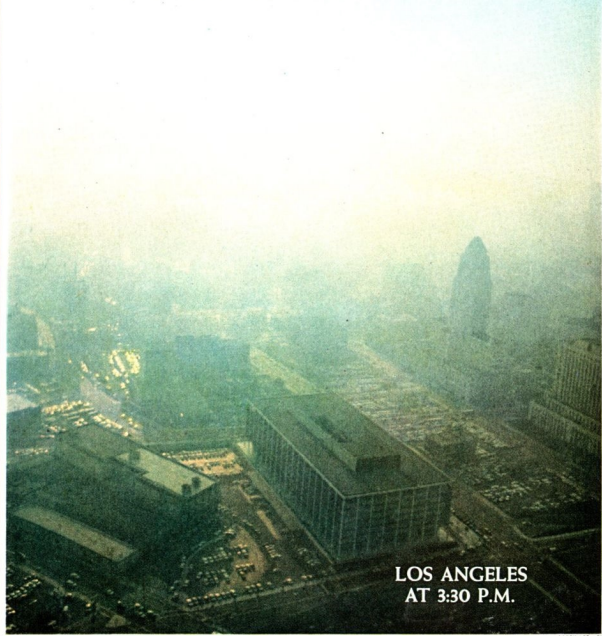
FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 27, 1967

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE POLLUTED AIR



LOS ANGELES  
AT 3:30 P.M.

VOL. 89 NO. 4

## Union Pacific— the inside track to and from the golden, grain-rich West

In the Union Pacific West—where bumper crops and booming markets grow side by side—farmers, processors and merchants are relying more than ever on Union Pacific know-how. Record shipments now move swiftly and economically to expanding domestic and export markets. Your Union Pacific representative can offer the inside track to your markets, too.

And for inside information about choice industrial sites in the Union Pacific West, write in complete confidence to Edd H. Bailey, President, Omaha, Nebraska 68102.



GATEWAY TO AND FROM  
THE BOOMING WEST



AT LAST . . . A LEADING AMERICAN PHYSICIAN SHOWS YOU

# How to Stay Young

Designed to give you the look of a youngster past 60... the strength and power of a trained athlete beyond your seventies... in vibrant good health till 90 and more—here is one of the simplest and gentlest, and yet truly revolutionary, anti-aging medical programs ever invented by the mind of man.

To repeat once again, the goals of this program are simple. They are, in essence:

1. To give you the look of a youngster, in both face and body, for past sixty . . .
2. To keep you in top condition — to give you the drive and power of a trained athlete beyond your seventies . . . and
3. To give you every possible chance of continuing in this vibrant good health till ninety, and more.

The methods this program uses to achieve these goals are equally simple — and, again, surprisingly gentle. They are:

1. A series of one-or-two minute-a-day exercises for your face — designed to combat premature wrinkles and restore the smooth, sharp outlines of youth.
2. A direct attack on the stored-up emotional poisons in your body that eat away strength and youth like internal acid. This attack on these poisons consists of a series of exhilarating new exercises which take as little as three minutes a day — half of which time you spend resting.
3. A new way to lose weight — not a diet — designed to change your present suicidal eating habits in 24 and 48 hours. And, again, no dieting — no multiplying circle inside your body, that causes you to put on more weight, from less food, than your thin friend.
4. A series of surprising, and sometimes actually startling, solutions to your most serious everyday health problems — including fatigue, hypertension, indigestion, high blood pressure, and much, much more.

This, then, is the look-younger, feel-better, live longer program that you can prove yourself — beyond doubt — without risking a penny. Now let us look at the medical background, and the specific day-by-day benefits it is designed to give you.

**Never Have Dreamed Existed Before.**

Written by One of America's Foremost Physicians, It Opens Up Whole New Worlds of Prolonged Youth, Health and Vitality — Past 90 — that You May Never Have Dreamed Existed Before.

The fascinating new volume which gives you these benefits is titled: *How to Stay Young All Your Life*. It is the result of fifteen years of meticulous research, and three additional years of intensive writing and re-writing. It is so completely up-to-date that some of the principles revealed in it were not discovered until a few short months ago!

## VITAL NOTE!

To gain its wonder-working benefits in every area of your life—immediately, starting within five short minutes after you pick it up—there is absolutely no need to STUDY this revolutionary new book, or read it from cover to cover, or even to expend any more "literary" effort on your part other than to browse through it at your leisure for ten thrilling minutes a day.

This is NOT a textbook! NOT a study manual! There are no lectures—nor a single "blue-sky" theory to ponder over in this entire book!

Instead, for the first time, here is a revolutionary new method of ADDING UP 40 HEALTHY PACKED YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—TAKING UP TO 20 FULL YEARS OFF YOUR APPEARANCE—all through a few incredibly-simple techniques that work for you the first time you pick up this book!

Therefore, we do NOT want you to treat this amazing volume as you would an ordinary book! Instead, all we ask you to do is this: Place it on your bedstead, entirely at our risk, for ten days! Read through just a few pages every night before you go to sleep. Browse around if you like! Notice especially the wonder-working Three Minute Rest Exercise on page 159, and much more.

See for yourself that every page is crammed full of practical, down-to-earth, easy-to-understand knowledge that you can put to work for you right on the spot! See for yourself that here at last is authoritative medical information that WORKS—and that's yours for just a few short minutes a day—without brain-racking study, without torturous memorization, or even to yourself, entirely at our risk!

Its author is Clement G. Martin, M.D., F.A.C.S., F.A.C.N. As you may know, Dr. Martin is former medical director of two of the largest insurance companies in the United States, where he specialized in geriatric research—the science of prolonging youth, strength, health and life—far beyond their present limits.

Over eight years ago, in conjunction with his state medical society, Dr. Martin published a pamphlet based on this research. The response was so overwhelming that he then expanded this information into a book—called *How to Live to be 100*—which immediately soared to the top of the best-seller lists, and sold over 100,000 hard-cover copies in the first two years alone.

But now medical science has gone beyond mere longevity alone! Now it is possible—not only to add up to twenty or thirty or forty more healthy years to your life . . . not only to help you ward off the diseases of middle and old age that cripple your friends . . . but, in case after case, to actually restore the appearance and energy and bursting vitality and strength of youth itself to your body—and maintain that youthful drive and appearance far past your present age!

**All the Myths About "Old Age"—Shattered at Last.**

This new book, therefore, begins immediately with the facts that prove that fact-based myths are in the first few pages alone, you are introduced to:

The American "town without heart disease." Where the average man does not even enter the "senior" category in every sense of the term, are overweight, portly around, they say late—but simply don't have heart attacks. (The reason why will astound you.)

The 101-year-old rose, who still eats mountains of spaghetti, washes it down with wine, and loves his teeth.

The amazing French beauty who first invented exercises to preserve the look of youthfulness in the human face. Men worshipped her at eighty. Her figure and her face were as dazzling at 79 as they were at 19. She died, still outwardly in the bloom of youth, past 90.

The American businessman who watched his body become prematurely old and finally collapse of ill health at the age of 50. Who decided to rejuvenate himself though he could hardly stand, through a scientific study of longevity. By the time he was 73 he had regained his youth—his face as smooth as it was at 50, and as hard as a youngster's. Photographs in this book prove these statements beyond doubt—see them yourself!

The Russian report on a man who lived to be 161, and fathered his last child at 104.

And much, much more. Probably the most fascinating reading of your entire life. But it's only the prologue to the real meat of this revolutionary new book—proves these statements beyond doubt—see them restoring principles learned in this world-wide medical research are put to work—instinctively, for you. To give your results, literally overnight, that will have your friends begging you to tell them the secret! For example:

**What is the price of Renewed Youth and Vitality? As Little as Five Exhilarating Minutes Every Day.**

First, you start to peel off years from your appearance. On page 35, you learn the one-second prescription that automatically causes you to stand more erect (no, you don't have to pull in your stomach, but the results are startling nevertheless!)

On page 124, you're given six-second facial exercises . . . wrinkle exercises . . . bags-under-the-eye and age-line exercises . . . as well as women, who want people to gaze in astonishment when you tell them your real age. On page 144, you're shown how the way you eat may contribute as much or more to your overweight problem as the actual foods you eat. And then on page 150, you're given a new meditation, fasting, and dieting method that will reduce your weight, if you are not a diet, at all. And the greater your excess weight, the faster this method will reduce it.

But this is just the beginning. Now you go on to tap vast new stores of strength, endurance and energy.

On page 35, you're shown the scientific secret (time to learn: 10 seconds; time to perform: 3 seconds) that will make you walk so properly—and therefore cut your desk fatigue in half.



CLEMENT G. MARTIN, M.D.

On page 42, you're shown how to "relax yourself ahead." Develop the space under pressure that marks the champion athlete, and the champion executive. Outstrip your less well-informed competitors who tear themselves to pieces in the mistaken belief that they can win through pressure, anxiety and tension. Keep going at full speed when they're willing around you like dead flowers.

On page 58, you're shown how you can cleanse your internal organs (your heart, lungs and blood stream) of tension and fatigue in as little as three minutes a day. Try this tomorrow night when you can come home weary from work—when you're wound up tight as a drum—and see for yourself how it pumps so much new energy back into your system that you can out-dance your teenage son till two A.M.

Yes, and on page 118, you learn how Dr. Martin recommends as little as only 1 1/2 minutes of basic exercise every day. Is this too much to ask from you to obtain new protection from heart attacks, new youthfulness, new vitality every single day of your life!

**Read it from Cover to Cover, Entirely at Our Risk.**

It is literally impossible, in the space of this advertisement, to begin to give you an idea of the vast store of startling new medical information contained in this book. I can only mention in passing such life-saving information as this:

The world's best tranquilizer, that doesn't cost you a penny.

How plain ordinary water can be turned into a wonder-working tonic for your heart and your blood pressure.

The special section on rheumatism and arthritis, that may save you hours of needless pain every day.

And much, much more. Read it from cover to cover at our risk. Its price is only \$5.98, but if you are not amazed and delighted with every word—then simply return it to us for every cent of your purchase price. You risk nothing but your time.

The choice is now yours. You can sit helplessly by and watch your face get older and older every day—watch your body get weaker and weaker every day. Or you can decide to stop this premature aging right now, and bring back the youth and vitality you may have thought you'd lost forever!

The medical means are now at your hand. This is a book for people who mean business. If you mean business—send in the No-Risk Coupon—today!

**INFORMATION, INCORPORATED, DEPT. NW-1  
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003**

Mail me Dr. Martin's revolutionary new book, **HOW TO STAY YOUNG ALL YOUR LIFE**. I am enclosing only \$5.98. I understand this book is fully guaranteed. If I am not completely delighted within 10 days, I will return the book for full money back at once.

[I will place with your order sent C.O.D. CHECK HERE! Enclose \$1 good-faith deposit. For prompt balance, plus postage and handling charges. Some money back guarantee, of course!]

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# For years, Avis has Hertz is No.1.

## Now we're going to

We're No. 1 because we're better at helping you get to where you're going.

### **A car where you need it.**

The first step in renting a car is getting to the car. Hertz makes that easier for you to do than anybody else.

We're at every major airport in the United States. And at some airports that are not so major. Ever fly to Whitefish, Montana? Some people do. And have a Hertz car waiting.

No matter how small the airport you fly to, if it's served by a commercial airline, 97 chances out of 100 it's also served by Hertz or by a Hertz office within 20 minutes of it.

We also have locations throughout the downtown and suburban areas of every major city.

And because you don't restrict your travel to city areas, we don't restrict our locations to city areas. We're also out in the country. And out of the country, too. Windy Hill Beach, South Carolina has a population of 100. It has a Hertz office. Chichiri, Malawi in Africa has a population of 2,059. It has a Hertz office.

In all, Hertz has over 2,900 places throughout the world where you can pick up or leave a car. Nearly twice as many as No. 2.

### **Can't come to us? We'll come to you.**

We have a direct-line telephone in most major hotels and motels in the U.S. It's marked HERTZ and it's in the lobby. Pick it up, ask for a car, and we'll deliver one to the door. You often can't get a cab as easily.

### **What kind of car would you like?**

When you rent from Hertz, you're less likely to get stuck with a beige sedan when you want a red convertible. We have over twice as many cars as No. 2.

Not only is our fleet big, it's varied. We do our best to give you what you want. From Fords, to Mustangs,

to Thunderbirds, to Lincolns and everything in between.

And because we know that travel can be a bore if you travel a lot, we've even got something to ease your lot. The Shelby G.T. 350-H. If you know what cars are all about, you'll know what this car is all about.

### **What kind of service will you get?**

When you rent a new car from us or anybody else, you expect it to be sitting there waiting, ready to go, looking like new.



On that score we claim no superiority over our competition. They goof once in awhile. We goof once in awhile.

Except when we goof it bothers us more because people don't expect the big one to goof. And to make up for it, if our service is not up to Hertz standards we give you \$50 in free rentals.\* Plus an apology.

No. 2 gives a quarter plus an apology. And advertises that he "can't afford" to do more.

We feel the other way about it. We can't afford to do less. Besides, the \$50 comes out of the station manager's local operating funds. This tends to keep him very alert ...and our service very good.

### **Hot line.**

When you're in one city and you're flying to another city and you want to have a car waiting when you arrive

\*There's one thing you have to do for us though: fill out our Certified Service form and mail it to our main office in its self-addressed envelope. Upon verification we'll send you \$50 in rental certificates by return mail.

# been telling you tell you why.

and you want it confirmed before you leave, we can do it for you. Instantly. In any one of 1,038 U.S. cities. No other rent a car company can make that statement.

The major reason we can do it is because we recently installed one of the world's largest private electronic reservations systems.

After all, with the supersonic jets in sight and one hour coast to coast flights in prospect, you'll need some quick answers.

We can give them to you today.

#### **About rates.**

We probably offer more kinds of rates than you care to know about.

You can rent a car from Hertz by the day and the mile, by the weekend, by the week, by the month, by gift certificate, by revolving credit, by sundry other ways in between.

We offer all these rates for two reasons. To stay ahead of competition. To get more people to rent cars.

When you go to rent a Hertz car just tell the Hertz girl how long you want the car and roughly how much driving you'll be doing.

She'll figure out the rate that's cheapest for you. She'll figure it from our rate book that states loud and clear, "Hertz people must use the lowest applicable rate on all calculations."

#### **About credit.**

If you've got a national credit card with most any major company, you've got credit with us.

#### **A businesslike way of doing business.**

If you own your own firm or are instrumental in running a firm, you know what a nightmare billing can be.

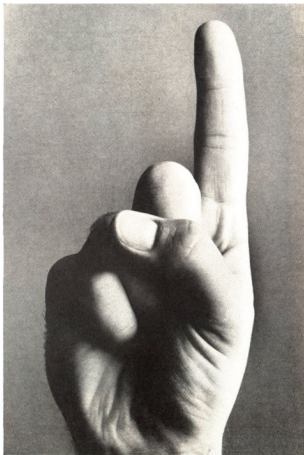
Have your company rent from us and we'll help ease that nightmare. We can even tailor our billing cycle to fit your paying cycle.

We'll bill by the rental, by the month, by division, by

department, by individual, and by blood type if it'll help you.

#### **And now about trying hard.**

No. 2 says he tries harder. Than who?

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1968

# Hertz

# We don't put up a big front.



The measure of a great morning paper isn't in width. It's in depth. Please plumb ours.

You'll find a lot to chew on. None of it fat. Tomorrow, try a trim, bright, modern-size

morning paper for a change. We think you will notice a sizeable difference. Size us up.

**Chicago Sun-Times**  
size up the Bright One

# How to generate more usable cash to push earnings up and borrowing down.



With today's higher borrowing costs and higher money rates, cash is of increasing importance to your company's earnings...and more cash frequently can be generated through the use of modern cash flow techniques. The Northern Trust Bank can help you with the development of these techniques. The Bank also can help

you invest profitably the cash you save. Or you may prefer to use this cash to reduce your borrowing. For information on Northern Trust cash management services—and for a

survey that will show you where opportunities for improved cash management lie—write or call Mr. Alan R. Kidd, Senior Vice President, Banking Department.

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GREATEST BAHAMAS PURCHASE  
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Grand Bahama Properties, Ltd. is offering  
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INVESTIGATE THE TAX ADVANTAGES  
No Bahamas Taxes on land...  
Personal Property...or Income.  
No Restrictions on Permanent  
Residence on Your Own Land.

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  - No Interest
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  - Credit Life Insurance (for those who qualify)  
Included At No Additional Cost
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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 25  
WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (ABC,  
9-11 p.m.).® Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray,  
Arthur O'Connell and Betty Field star  
in *Bus Stop* (1956), the film adaptation of  
William Inge's Broadway hit.

Thursday, January 26  
COLISEUM (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A  
smorgasbord of sports spectaculars starting  
this week with the New Vienna  
Ice Extravaganza at Brussels' Cirque Royal.  
Hugh O'Brien hosts, and Herman's  
Hermits will be his special guests. Premiere.  
ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.).  
"General Dwight D. Eisenhower on the  
Military Churchill." Ike calls up his memories  
of Britain's wartime leader.

Friday, January 27  
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
CONCERTS WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN  
(CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). In his eighth  
annual Young Performers program, Lenny  
introduces seven young soloists—two violinists,  
a cellist, bassoonist, accordionist,  
oboeist and basso.  
CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11  
p.m.). Tallulah Bankhead sets out to scare  
Stefanie (U.N.C.L.E.'s girl) Powers to  
death in *Die! Die! My Darling!* (1965)  
based on the bestseller *Nightmare* and directed  
by Silvio Narizzano (George Girth).

Saturday, January 28  
ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC,  
5-6:30 p.m.). The National Figure Skating  
Championships from Omaha.  
SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC,  
9-11:30 p.m.). A hard-case city editor  
(Clark Gable) falls for a journalism teacher  
(Doris Day) and enrolls in her classes  
so he can become *Teacher's Pet* (1958).  
HOLLYWOOD STARS OF TOMORROW (ABC,  
9:30-10:30 p.m.). Steve Allen and Jayne  
Meadows host the 14th annual Awards  
Ball at the Hollywood Palladium, where  
"Tomorrow's Star" is selected from among  
teen young actresses.

Sunday, January 29  
LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30  
a.m.). The work of Composer Antonio  
Vivaldi in "A Concert of Angels," with  
Narrator John Heffernan, Soprano Roberta  
Peters and the CBS Symphony Orchestra  
under the direction of Alfredo Antonini.  
DIRECTIONS (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). "That  
Was the Lower East Side" reviews the  
history of New York City's melting pot  
from 1870 to 1924.  
CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 2:30-4  
p.m.). The U.S. Skeet-Shooting Finals,  
the National Rodeo Championships and a  
twelve-minute film clip of the 1910  
Johnson-Jeffries Heavyweight Championship  
fight.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN (ABC, 4-5  
p.m.). It's man against fin, fang and claw  
as Bing Crosby and Joe Brooks fish for  
English Atlantic salmon, Rex Allen rounds  
up Oklahoma rattlesnakes, and Archer Fred  
Bear hunts Alaskan polar bears.  
THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.).  
Walter Cronkite explores the far-out ways  
scientists are developing to transmit words,  
pictures—even thoughts—in "The Commu-

\* All times E.S.T.

## Western Europe



How about this very special trip your  
2nd time to Europe—or even your 1st?

### Start in Brussels

Jet relaxed from New York to Belgium's  
charming capital on a Sabena Boeing  
707. Capture Europe's mood with an un-  
forgettable stroll about the Grand' Place,  
famous square with gilt-edged guild  
houses. Sample the world-renowned food,  
which even the French praise. Then have  
a sparkling time in Antwerp, the world's  
diamond center. And don't miss enchant-  
ing medieval Bruges. (4 or 5 days)

### Amsterdam

One short hop and you're in Rem-  
brandt's beautiful city. Take in the mas-  
terworks at the Rijksmuseum. Enjoy a  
side trip to the village of Volendam and  
meet the uninhibited inhabitants, who  
wear the old costumes. (4 or 5 days)

### Copenhagen

Turn off time in the Tivoli Gardens, a  
fairytale world that fascinates grownups  
and children. Mount the battlements at  
Elsinore Castle, where Hamlet talked  
things over with Dad. (5 or 6 days)

### Oslo

See 9th Century sailing ships in the  
Viking Museum. Wander among the Vige-  
land sculptures in Frogner Park. And see  
snowy peaks rising to 8,000 feet. (5 or  
6 days)

Then hop back to Brussels for last-  
minute bargain hunting in the tax-free  
Sky Shop (save up to 60% before board-  
ing your homeward-bound Sabena jet).

There are dozens of Sabena 2nd Time  
Tours of Western Europe. Ask your travel  
agent to book you on one, or on a Sabena  
2nd Time Tour of Eastern Europe, Africa  
and the Middle East.

Europe's most helpful airline.



TIME, JANUARY 27, 1967

# Europe the 2nd time.

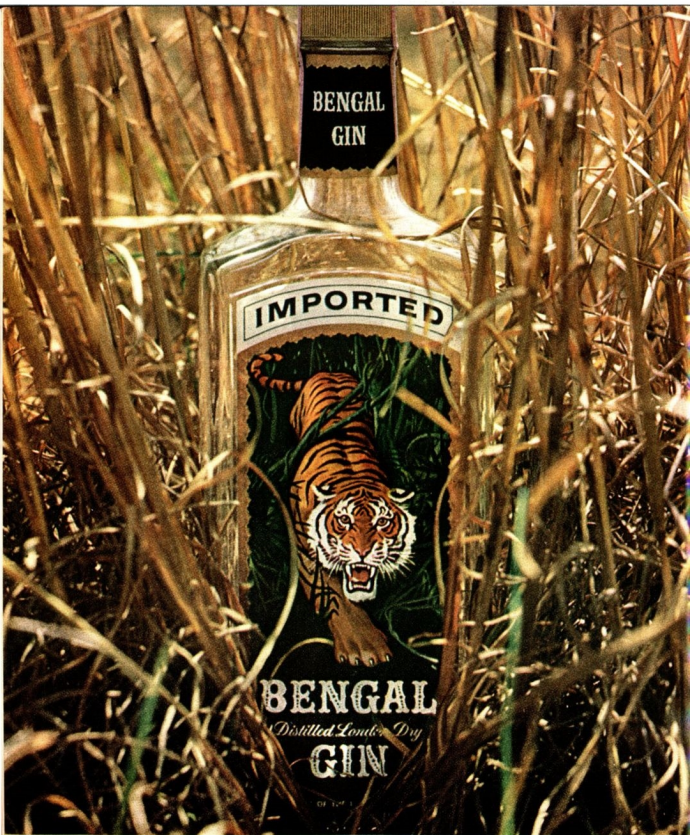
Remember the whirlwind tour? Visit Sabena's Europe now and be slow about it. Pick a "stay-awhile" city like Brussels and linger. Get to know the Grand Place by heart. Buy flowers for your hotel room as well as presents for home. And see the wooded suburbs from a bike. It's slower that way but it's better. Because it's Europe the second time around.

How do you get to Brussels fast? You can have your travel agent send you packing on Sabena. (On a non-stop jet with non-stop service, comfort, and food.) If you happen to want to get a move on again, Sabena flies to fifty-five European cities, plus Africa and the Middle East, too. Sabena goes everywhere you want to go, the first, the tenth or the "nth" time around.



**Sabena.**  
Europe's most helpful airline.





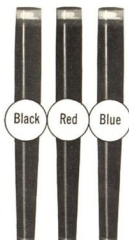
## Cat Nip.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated)  
Keep it behind bars. Yours. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

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*Finest,  
smoothest  
writing  
instrument  
ever!*



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Jumbo  
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4 for 50¢

Individual  
nylon  
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15¢



Makers of Pentel "Original" Sign Pen—Still only 49¢

**Pentel** of America, Ltd.  
333 N. Michigan Ave. • Chicago, Ill. 60601

TIME, JANUARY 27, 1967

nications Explosion." Helping Walter get the message across are M.I.T.'s Computer Scientist Joseph Weizenbaum, Science Fiction Writer Arthur C. Clarke, Automation Expert John Diebold. **Premiere.**

**BELL TELEPHONE HOUR** (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). "The Sounds and Sights of San Francisco" examines the musical life of the city. Appearing are Opera Director Kurt Herbert Adler, Pianists Peggy and Milton Salkind and Patricia Michaelian, the John Handy Quintet, Ballet Director Lew Christensen, Ballerina Lynda Meyer, Symphony Conductor Josef Krips and a folk-rock group, the Jefferson Airplane.

**THE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE** (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). *Return of the Gunfighter*, starring Robert Taylor, Chad Everett and Ana Martin, is another in the series of movies made for TV (premiering).

**CBS PLAYHOUSE** (CBS, 9:10-30 p.m.). "The Final War of Olly Winter" is an original play written for CBS by Ronald Ribman. Ivan Dixon portrays a G.I. who is trapped behind Viet Cong lines and finds it easier to escape the enemy than the well-meaning attentions of a lovely, lonely Vietnamese girl (Tina Chen). **Premiere.**

**THE ROYAL PALACES** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Sir Kenneth Clark, noted art critic, is host for a special tour of Britain's treasure domes: Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, Hampton Court, Kensington Palace, Edinburgh's Palace of Holyrood and the Royal Pavilion at Brighton.

Tuesday, January 31

**CBS REPORTS: THE FARTHEST FRONTIER** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Charles Kurlat reports on the promise and problems involved in the use of the new drugs that twist and untwist minds. Originally scheduled for Jan. 10, "Frontier's" time was pre-empted by the President's State of the Union address.

In coming weeks, check your educational TV stations for:

**N.E.T. PLAYHOUSE** (shown on Fridays). "The World of Carl Sandburg." Uta Hagen, Fritz Weaver, Folk Singer Carolyn Hester and a singing group known as the Tarriers get together for an informal recitation of Sandburg's poetry and prose with musical interpolations from Sandburg's *American Songbook*.

**N.E.T. JOURNAL** (shown on Mondays). "France Is Dead: Long Live France!" Since the end of World War II France has become a land of the very old and the very young—today one-third of all Frenchmen are under 20. Reporter David Schoenbrun talks to the French about the New France, their goals, De Gaulle and the war in Viet Nam.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**THE WILD DUCK.** The APA Repertory Company touches off match flares of understanding in Henrik Ibsen's examination of the human havoc that can result from too ruthless a devotion to honesty, but its production, while accomplished, is a trifle too cozy to carry off the playwright's crueler intention: to drag everyone and everything into unrelenting light.

**THE HOMECOMING.** It is distinctly unlikely that Broadway will see a play surpassing this Harold Pinter masterpiece during the current season. The mesmeric drama is innately primitive, Oedipal, conjugal, and its mythic war between the

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# ASHEVILLE

sexes ends as that war away does: no winners, all wounded.

AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT is a visit with an urbane, engaging pair of hosts, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, who invite those devoted to civilized wit in for a bit of a daft do.

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL Two earnest, impoverished and slightly manic intellectuals (Anthony Perkins and Richard Benjamin) are brought to their knees by an All-American girl swimmer (Connie Stevens) who has muscles in her head as well as her arms. While the whip of wit does not crack as in Neil Simon's past hits, he remains an agile jokemaster in the Broadway ring.

I DO! I DO! has an undone book, badly done music, and smashingly done performances by two megatons of the U.S. musical stage, Mary Martin and Robert Preston. *The Fourposter*, on which this tale of a long-married, much-loving couple is based, is little more than a prop for their talents.

WALKING HAPPY, a low-voltage musical based on *Hobson's Choice*, is switched on brightly by British Comedian Norman Wisdom. Louise Troy is his ever-loving, ever-perfect foil, and Danny Daniels' choreography makes it all jolly good fun.

CABARET utilizes expressionistic techniques to re-create the frenzied, bitter gaiety of prewar Berlin. While its framing is brilliantly brassy, its moods strikingly defined, the subject matter of the book is dull and amorphous.

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL Eighteenth century Londoners frequented Richard Sheridan's classroom of comedy to be taught their three Rs: the Risqué, Rumor, Revenge. The APA go through their lessons with a flick of their wits.

## Off Broadway

EHT And what if Godot had arrived? And what if he were even more absurd than the Beckett boys who awaited him? He probably would have come as Valentine Brose, the nonsensational anti-hero of Henry Livings' bawdy farce.

AMERICA HURRAH Playwright Jean-Claude van Italic casts a searing eye and scathing glance at the contemporary American landscape for an inventive, rewarding evening of modern theater.

## CINEMA

GRAND PRIX With the help of Cinerama, Metrolcolor and Super Panavision, Director John Frankenheimer has captured most of the excitement—and all of the noise—of last year's nine-race Grand Prix competition for Formula One racing cars. Top billing goes to Yves Montand, James Garner, Eva Marie Saint and Françoise Hardy, but the true stars are the cars, performing in some of the most spectacular sequences ever filmed of metal in motion.

BLOW-UP A young, successful pop photographer casually takes some pictures of an amorous couple strolling in the park, and against his will is drawn into a mystery that totally absorbs and challenges him. The director is Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni, filming for the first time in England and in English.

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS. Acclaimed as one of the best films of 1966, this screen adaptation of the Broadway play chronicles the tragic story of the conflict between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield), a noble Christian who must stand fast on his principles, and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), a



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**GOAL!** This two-hour documentary helps to explain why soccer is the world's most popular spectator sport. Cameras from all angles have captured the ferocious spirit, footloose genius and demonic will to win of the 16 teams that competed in England last summer for the 1966 World Cup.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN**, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. This scabrous recollection of a wretched Parisian childhood, first published in 1936, has become the schoolbook of black humorists from Genet to Bruce Jay Friedman. The new, unexpurgated translation is by Ralph Manheim.

**RAKÓSSY**, by Cecelia Holland. A wild fictional ride through 16th century Hungary in which Magyar does in Magyar until the Turkish invaders put a temporary end to it all at the battle of Mohács.

**LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE**, edited by Richard Ellmann. The letters provide the only explanations Joyce ever offered about his revolutionary techniques in the novel, and also reveal the bohemian artist as doting husband and father.

**PAPER LION**, by George Plimpton. The lowly Detroit Lions of 1963 may outlive proud Green Bay, enshrined as they are in Plimpton's elegant and humorous prose. Plimpton tried out for the team with disastrous results, but his memoir of pro football is a long gainer for the fan and the non-fan as well.

**HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS, 1930-1939**, edited by Nigel Nicolson. One might as well try to put aside chocolates as this aristocrat's account of the fashions and foibles of prewar London.

**SPEAK, MEMORY**, by Vladimir Nabokov. Robbed of his Russian youth by the revolution. Novelist Nabokov has tirelessly carressed his memories of it in this autobiography, now published in its final form—a hymn to childhood.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (1 last week)
2. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (2)
3. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann (3)
4. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renault (4)
5. *The Birds Fall Down*, West (5)
6. *The Fixer*, Malamud (6)
7. *A Dream of Kings*, Petrakakis (10)
8. *All in the Family*, O'Connor (8)
9. *Tai-Pan*, Clavell (7)
10. *The Adventurers*, Robbins

#### NONFICTION

1. *Rush to Judgment*, Lane (4)
2. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (1)
3. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (5)
4. *Games People Play*, Berne (2)
5. *With Kennedy*, Salinger (6)
6. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (7)
7. *How to Avoid Probate*, Dacey (10)
8. *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (8)
9. *The Boston Strangler*, Frank (3)
10. *Winston S. Churchill*, Churchill (9)

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ments to yourself during that time. (At, say, \$80 a month for six years you'll end up with a nice round \$6000.)



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years. You now have over \$9000. Enough for college *and* your fourth Volvo. And you can take it from here.

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## Forging the Partnership

Sir: Your cover story on HEW Secretary Gardner [Jan. 20] brought his warm personality and talent into focus. When I began work at Carnegie Corporation in 1963, he was its president, and from that time I have considered it a privilege to know him. The Great Society has an excellent chance of realization if only because Mr. Gardner is one of its patrons.

MRS. BENJAMIN GERTZ

Manhattan

Sir: Let's hope Gardner and his colleagues can forge federal partnerships that will preserve the individual initiative that allows us to afford HEW.

ARTHUR D. SECOR

Toledo

Sir: Relative to Gardner's thought that "the need for money is less acute than the need for new ways to use it," I suggest the following: that the Federal Government establish a national council for ideas, made up of representatives from various Government departments, business, and labor, plus farm, religious, and educational leaders, to receive suggestions to fight poverty and strengthen human rights. As matters now stand, individuals with ideas must trudge from department to department, only to be told finally that there are no provisions in the budget for new ideas. If a commission were to act on proposals and give its approval, this might win acceptance for suggestions that might not otherwise come to light.

DAVID STAHER

Omaha

## The Struggle Behind the Wall

Sir: Your informative and penetrating cover story on the chaos inside Red China [Jan. 13] reveals one clear fact: Red China is a dragon in trouble, if not a dragon in sleep. Communist rule, after 17 years of "leap forward" and "construction," has never been stable. Even the Great Wall could not prevent the outside world from knowing that the developing power struggle might mean the end of the regime.

MICHAEL NAI-KIANG PAN

Southern Illinois University  
Carbondale

Sir: The Red China crisis makes me curious to see what the Chiang Kai-shek haters will come up with this time after all those variations on "I have seen the future, and it works," after each visit to the Communists. Also to be heard from are

the ChiCom dreaders, with their dire forebodings about the mighty Red Chinese nation—a dedicated monolith poised to crush all Asia at any provocation.

JOHN NICHOLS

Berkeley

## The Young Lions

Sir: A good if belated choice for Man of the Year [Jan. 6]: the "under 25s" have been the men and women of every year.

The young are probably luckier than their predecessors, so we feel rather envious and accuse them of being little monsters. Are they? To my mind they are hardly different from previous young generations. It is our nature to call them freaks, theirs to mistrust us. And their inheritance is not all roses, but they manage. They face religion boldly, honestly, making us look the old fools we are. As for sex, with which we are happily or unhappily obsessed, it is no problem to them; they are cutting it to size.

H. FARUQI

Kuwait

Sir: When one generation crosses its optimum age and sees clearly that it has not accomplished what needed to be done, it looks to the young; it attempts to rationalize its failures and unfinished works by fervently believing that the next generation will come through strong and victorious.

This great faith and support from our elders is much needed, and not altogether unrealistic. We will accomplish much in the next 50 years, because we have more to start with and because we have fewer routine burdens to bear. But we will not wipe out illness, hunger, crime, war or hatred. We will give these problems to our children to solve, just as you have given them to us.

LOWELL S. HUSBAND, M.D., AGED 24  
Rome, Ga.

## Dollar for Dollar

Sir: An attempt to find a moral basis for war [Jan. 20] indicates that mankind is subliminally aware of war's madness. The ugly truth is that man loves war and has always pursued his selfish aims by means of war. Those means were always as cruel and inhuman as the technology of the times would allow, but a moral justification could always be found, as your Essay correctly points out.

Man loves war because it is a legal and socially approved way to release his aggressiveness; it is legal murder. If a man takes a shotgun to the top of a tower and

kills a group of strangers, he is shot down as a mad dog. If a man climbs a tree in a jungle and kills a group of strangers as a soldier in his country's army, he is given a medal for bravery.

Both sides in a war believe that they are "right." Hitler didn't say to himself, "I am evil, I am wrong, but I will go to battle anyway." He felt his war was just. So also the Achaeans and the Trojans, the Romans and the Carthaginians, the Crusaders, the North and the South, and now the East and the West: all in the right, all morally motivated and smug in their righteousness. So are our foes in Viet Nam and so are we.

If, as you have shown, morality, Christianity and conscience have never succeeded in ending war, then pragmatism must force us to it now. It is possible to attempt unilaterally to find an alternative to war. The Peace Corps is a start. Foreign aid must be changed from a political bribe to a program of "show by example." If part of a country's population is starving, we should get its government's cooperation in starting a showcase farm that the populace can visit and study. Modern methods that will help man regain pride in himself and help him to help himself must be the aim.

We must stop shrugging our shoulders in the face of war. The militarists must not be the sages of the modern world. If we would vote equal appropriations to achieve an understanding with, as well as the destruction of, our fellow man, we would make a substantial leap forward: a dollar for life for each dollar for death.

ROGER BASS

Manhattan

## Mere Prole

Sir: Your excellent analytical Essay on "The Technology Gap" [Jan. 13] correctly places the blame for the technology gap on management. But the underlying cause of the management gap is the prevalent European mentality of adamant refusal to self-examine, learn, and make changes, since a change is too often considered proof of previous shortcomings that must never be admitted by chauvinistic European managers. New ideas and risks are accepted in the U.S. but rejected in Europe. A "limited market" is not the cause—Dutch Philips, for instance, has plants or subsidiaries in countries with well over 400 million people.

FREDERICK K. BAUER

Beverly Hills

Sir: The Frankfurt businessman described in the "Technology Gap" Essay is obviously a member of the lower classes—a mere prole, in fact.

The wealthy and aristocratic American rises from a bed furnished with Irish linen sheets, brushes his hair with English bristle hair brushes, dons a Vivella shirt and Savile Row suit, brightens his outfit with a Cartier Street tie, and takes down to a breakfast enlivened by English marmalade or Greek honey.

Having eaten, he crosses the Persian carpet, checks his appearance in a Louis XV looking glass, and then strolls toward his Mercedes. Looking back, he catches a glimpse of his wife, trim in her Bogner ski pants, currying her Italian hoot out to her M.G. He notices she is wearing only a cashmere sweater, and he hopes she remembers her Russian sable jacket for her trip to the ski slopes. The memory of her French perfume haunts him on his trip into town, and he toys with the idea of buying her a South African diamond as a surprise.

In the evening, after a mild Scotch, he

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January 18, 1967

eats a solitary dinner, wishing she were there with him to enjoy the Russian caviar and the really excellent Burgundy. Later, after reading a few chapters of Ian Fleming, he glances at his Swiss watch and realizes it is time for bed.

Who needs technology?

PATRICIA H. HEARD

Lexington, Mass.

#### Giffie Gie Us

Sir: It would have been easier on Artist Peter Hurd [Jan. 13] if I.B.J. shared Robert Burns's sentiment: "Oh wad some power the giffie gie us/ To see ourselves as others see us!/ It wad frae monie a blunder free us/ An' foolish notion."

MARCIA DUNWELL

Plainwell, Mich.

#### To Bring the Spring

Sir: As a 30-year-old American in my ninth year of religious life, may I express another viewpoint on "The Restive Nuns" [Jan. 13]?

The members of religious communities are the only ones who can change them. To stay within the community and help renew it according to today's insights is, I think, very worthwhile. A seminarian friend of mine put it in a nutshell: "We are not in the real 'light of Vatican II' as yet; we are only at the dawn of a stormy day. But we have the opportunity to determine the weather. We can't go south for the winter; we have to stay and bring about the spring."

SISTER BERNADETTE MARIE, SCMM  
Medical Mission Sisters  
Philadelphia

#### Bronx Cheer

Sir: You have a lot of *chutzpa* to call Jack Ruby [Jan. 13] what you did in that caption.

Your editor must have been *meshuga* to have let that word *schwanz* slip by. Don't you *goyim* know that this is a *schmutzike* word, not used by *fineh menschen* in a national magazine? You don't have to be Jewish to use the words, but you sure have to be Jewish to know what they mean in order to use them correctly and not get *fahrlundjet*. Don't be a *nahr*. Ask me next time you get the urge to *zich auszeigen* your knowledge of *yiddische chochmes*.

MRS. SIDNEY WEINGART  
The Bronx, N.Y.

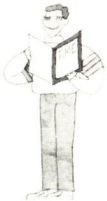
\* *Chutzpa*—nerve; *meshuga*—crazy; *goyim*—gentiles; *schmutzike*—dirty; *fineh menschen*—nice people; *fahrlundjet*—very, very lost; *nahr*—tool; *zich auszeigen*—show off; *chochmes*—jokes, wisecracks.

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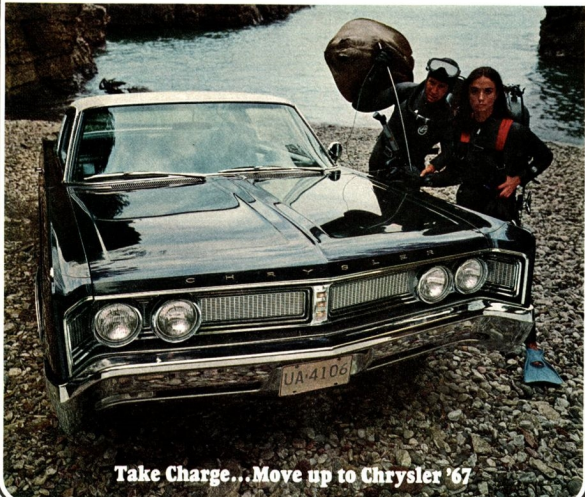
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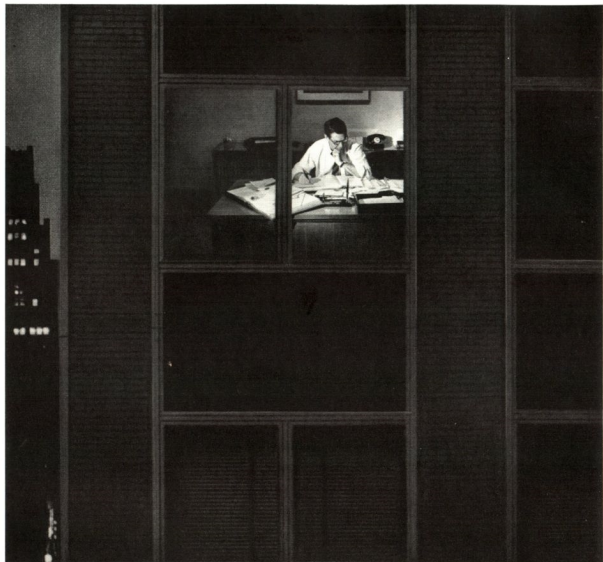
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TIME, JANUARY 27, 1967

## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Benard M. Auer

LIKE most people who work in big, scaled office towers, our staff in New York's Time and Life Building has long felt safe from air pollution inside our air-conditioned offices. Most of us had a rude shock when it turned out, during research for this week's cover story, that a great deal of the contaminating stuff in the air outside comes right in through the air-conditioning filters. While this discovery was disillusioning, it only increased the conviction with which our writers and editors prepared our story on the polluted atmosphere.

A big part of the story, we felt, was visual, but we did not want to use stock pictures, or even medium-old ones. We wanted to show what the situation is like right now. So Picture Editors Charles Jackson and Arnold Drapkin dispatched 23 photographers, gave them three days to record the grimy scenes in the air. In the U.S. and abroad, the photographers shot 160 rolls of film and shipped them back to Senior Editor Marshall Loeb, in charge of TIME's color projects, and Researcher Andrea Svedberg. From the mass of transparencies, the editors selected the best and most representative for the eight-page color section. The photographers worked mostly from rooftops or light aircraft; Larry Lee, who shot the cover picture, explored the Los Angeles smog in a helicopter. One photographer in Chicago, shooting through a large telephoto lens, experienced a few difficult moments when he was mistaken for a Peeping Tom by suspicious cops.

For many of the people involved, the assignment was marked by other hazards: much wheezing and sneezing. Peter Bird Martin, who edited the story, set out for the office ready to start his cover week with a clear eye and an open mind, but caught an outrageous chunk of Manhattan



PHOTOGRAPHER LEE OVER LOS ANGELES

soot in his eye. Writer Leon Jaroff and Researcher Sydnor Vander-schmidt were also afflicted. "The more we got into the story," says Jaroff, "the more we coughed. Psychosomatic, no doubt."

In a final flurry, the 89th Congress concluded an unparalleled legislative record, enacting all but one of the following:

- A. A near-record \$58 billion defense appropriation.
- B. A new civil rights bill with the controversial open-housing clause.
- C. A \$4 billion federal college-aid measure.
- D. A \$3.7 billion anti-water-pollution bill.

This is one of 100 questions in the 1967 edition of the TIME Current Affairs Test. For the past 31 years, it has helped students in schools and colleges throughout the U.S. and Canada to review their knowledge of the news.

This month, some 2,500,000 of them will again be taking the test, which is available to TIME readers at cost—10¢ a copy, 20 copies for \$1—in a new and larger format. Write to: TIME Current Affairs Test, Box 870, Radio City Station, New York 10019. Teachers outside the U.S. and Canada may write TIME Education Program, 5 Otho Helldingstraat, Amsterdam 18, The Netherlands. Incidentally, if your answer to the question above was B, you're on your way to a good score.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 27, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 4

## THE NATION

### THE ADMINISTRATION

#### "A Tough Year"

More than any other state document, the annual budget forces a President to translate rhetoric into reality, to assign priorities and price tags to his visions. The budget's cold columns leave no room for fantasies—just stark, unyielding figures. In the budget for fiscal 1968 that Lyndon Johnson is sending to Congress this week, bound in a subdued, rust-colored cover, the priorities are baldly stated. The President calls for a sizable increase in defense spending to sustain the Viet Nam war, with a complementary slowdown—though not an actual decrease—in Great Society spending.

Despite the size of the budget—a record \$135 billion—the President has relatively little room in which to maneuver. At least \$100 billion can neither be cut nor shifted around. The rest will certainly come in for what House Appropriations Committee Chairman George Mahon calls a "skeptical evaluation" from the 90th Congress.

**Steady Steps.** One practically untouchable area will be defense. With overall federal spending expected to rise by \$8.3 billion, fully \$5 billion of the increase will be consumed by the Pentagon, whose \$73 billion budget will be the third highest in U.S. history.\* In planning last year's defense spending, the President had sought to keep the total down by operating on the shaky assumption that the Viet Nam war would be over by June 30, 1967, the end of the fiscal year. For that reason, he provided no money for weaponry requiring lengthy periods of research and development, like aircraft, and consequently will have to ask Congress for a supplementary appropriation of \$9.6 billion in the next few weeks. In his new budget, the President prudently abandons that assumption.

Loath to lower the sights on his lofty domestic goals in the face of burgeoning military expenditures, the President said last week: "I don't think we can reduce the Teacher Corps. I don't think that we can postpone the Head Start projects. I don't think that we can postpone what we are doing in the cities." Nevertheless, non-defense pro-

grams are in for what an Administration aide calls a "tough year." Said he: "We will move ahead on the major social programs, but it will mean firm, steady steps ahead—no wild expansion." Health, education and welfare activities are ticketed for an additional \$1 billion, including \$135 million for extension of Head Start, another \$135 million for additional manpower training programs,

What is more, Johnson has postponed final decisions on two programs that could prove astronomically expensive. He will not make up his mind on building an antiballistic missile (ABM) system for the U.S. until Washington's new ambassador to Moscow, Llewellyn Thompson, has had a chance to determine just how effective the new Soviet ABM network really is. Nor will he de-



BUDGET DIRECTOR SCHULTZ CONFERRING WITH JOHNSON  
*Attacked for the butter, attacked for the guns.*

plus added funds for the just-launched Demonstration Cities program.

**More Mileage.** Even to make these modest increases possible, the President will have to prune heavily in other areas. As Budget Director Charles Schultz sees it, the most likely targets are the Federal Highway program, public-works projects by the Corps of Engineers, other construction spending that can be stretched out or deferred. In the U.S. space program, the effort to put a man on the moon will not be affected, but post-Apollo projects are likely to be slowed down. Few potential economies have been overlooked: the President expects to save \$8,000,000 a year with a regulation that Government autos be driven for seven years, or 72,000 miles, instead of six years and 60,000.

cide at this time whether to go ahead with a supersonic transport for the U.S., even though Boeing has already been selected as the designer; instead, funds for continued research will be supplied on a month-to-month basis.

**Santa U.S.** Despite his efforts to spread a fair amount of butter through the bullet-heavy budget, Johnson is certain to come under attack. Many of his fellow Democrats are angry at his emphasis on the military at the expense of welfare programs. The G.O.P., unhappy at the prospect of an \$8.1 billion deficit on top of this year's projected \$9.7 billion gap between intake and outgo, insists that more domestic programs must be cut.

Another prime target for economists is likely to be foreign aid, for which

\* After an \$81.3 billion outlay in 1945, and \$76.8 billion in 1944.



the President will request between \$3 billion and \$3.5 billion, although Congress gave him only \$2.94 billion last year. Some Democratic leaders, notably Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright, want to restructure the whole aid effort by ending bilateral arrangements and channeling funds into such agencies as the World Bank instead. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen merely aims to cut the total. The U.S., Dirksen said during his portion of the G.O.P. address, must pay "more attention to the conservation of our own strength and resources and less to those nations of the world that regard us as an amiable, vulnerable, jolly Santa Claus who can be lured at will and cuffed with impunity."

**Uncertain Surtax.** Because many politicians are worried about the possibility of a recession, the President may also have trouble getting Congress to approve his proposal for a 6% surcharge on corporate and individual income taxes. Johnson argues that the added tax will not be recessionary because it will be counteracted by an increase in Social Security benefits—an average 20% if he has his way, 8% if the G.O.P. suggestion is adopted. The higher benefits, he said last week, will pump more than \$4 billion into the economy, mostly through lower-income groups. Simultaneously, he added, the 6% tax will "take from those making above \$10,000 a little over \$4 billion. So it kind of balances off."

And that is more than can be said for Lyndon Johnson's 1968 budget.

## REPUBLICANS

### No Consensus

Though they are of different generations, and sons apart in temperament and style, Everett McKinley Dirksen, 71, and Gerald Ford, 53, have one big thing going for them: they are both devoted to the Republican Party. Even that, however, is not always a tie that binds when it comes to opposing the Johnson Administration—as both stars showed only too well, or too dimly, in the course of their second annual G.O.P. "State of the Union" message last week.

The difference was one of emphasis rather than substance, for the two Republican leaders, speaking to an enthusiastic G.O.P. gathering in the elegant Old Senate Chamber, tidily compartmentalized their labors. Ford addressed himself to domestic concerns, Dirksen to foreign relations. They had asked for TV time equal to the exposure accorded the President for his own State of the Union message (75 minutes), but received exactly one half hour from the few commercial channels that consented to carry them.

**Poverty of Ideas.** In a speech as skipperily alliterative as a Swinburne ode, Ford bravely promised "sensible solutions for the '70s," but seemed considerably more enthusiastic at the pros-



FORD & DIRKSEN AT G.O.P. SESSION  
Oddly at contrast with the freshmen.

pect of demolishing existing Administration solutions. He derided President Johnson for resuscitating "tired theories of the '30s," ignoring "positive and practical Republican programs," and creating the credibility gap. Demanding "total revamping" of the poverty program, he said: "The greatest poverty in this country today is the poverty of realistic ideas among poverty war generals—and Sargents."

The House minority leader promised a major effort to push through the Republican tax-sharing plan—first proposed by Kennedy Economic Adviser Walter Heller—which would return a fixed percentage of federal personal income tax revenue to the states. He also recommended immediate restoration of the business investment tax credit, temporarily repealed at the last session, to help erase what he described as "ominous signs of an economic slowdown."

**Cassandra's Clook.** Dirksen, for his part, found few components of Administration foreign policy to his liking, but fully endorsed its great overriding concern, the U.S. commitment to Viet Nam. Quoting from L.B.J.'s own State of the Union address, the Senate minority leader somewhat blunted Ford's reference to the credibility gap with applause for Johnson's "realistic and candid" assessment of the big price that must yet be paid if the U.S. is to achieve its aims in Viet Nam. His only quibble—a punctilious bow to his role as opposition leader—was that the Administration should be looking to the outlines of the peace that must eventually come in Viet Nam. "Foresight," he said, "is the essence of leadership. We stand in need of it as never before." After supporting the President on Viet Nam, Dirksen donned Cassandra's

cloak to denounce the Administration's "bridge-building" plans for close relations with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

Neither speech suggested any clear battle plan for the Republicans on Capitol Hill. Both, moreover, seemed oddly at contrast, in spirit and specifics, with the creative pragmatism expressed by young G.O.P. freshman Senators who have taken positions, as well as seats, in Washington. Dirksen, who had risen at 4:30 a.m. to gild his roccoco verbiage, never found the time—or need—to consult anyone but himself. "I've tried that consultation business," he said, "and I find it takes a year to get a consensus. The devil with that. If they want to try me for party deviation, they can."

## THE PRESIDENCY

### In Pursuit of a *Primus*

Among the senior members of the President's personal staff, the *primus inter pares* for more than two years has been Bill Moyers. Last week Moyers, 32, was in Uruguay on one of his last assignments, scouting the resort city of Punta del Este as a possible site for April's hemispheric summit meeting. Next week he departs to become publisher of Long Island's daily *Nesday*. Though Lyndon Johnson has peevishly taken to telling visitors that the capital fairly teems with equally bright young men, he would have to admit that his protégé's departure will leave a ragged hole in his inner circle.

Once Moyers is gone, who—if anyone—will become the new *primus*? Actually, it may take months for a successor to surface. When he does, he will almost certainly be a versatile, nimble-witted "generalist" rather than a narrow specialist. Johnson, as one aide puts it, likes men who can "go where the ball is." They serve him as a headquarters staff, hushbanding his time and refining ideas for his easier digestion.

**Wrong Brownsville.** One outside possibility is Tom Johnson, 25. No kin, young Johnson is a quick-minded Georgia newsman whose youth stirs in L.B.J. the kind of paternal pride and protectiveness that he sometimes displayed toward Moyers (and, in a better-forgotten era, toward Bobby Baker). An assistant press secretary, Johnson theoretically ranks below both Press Secretary George Christian, 39, and Deputy Secretary Robert H. Fleming, 55. But in some ways he has grown closer to the President than either. Since December, young Johnson has conducted some major briefings while his nominal superior hovered in the background. Moreover, L.B.J. has taken to inviting him for long chats and informal dinners at the White House living quarters.

As of now, the chief contender for Moyers' place is generally considered to be Joseph A. Califano, 35, a *magna cum laude* graduate of Harvard Law School who joined the staff 18 months ago after serving briefly but brilliantly

under Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Califano, who chain-smokes Salems throughout a long day, occupies the biggest office in the West Wing, where the inner circle is concentrated. He has become chief overseer of Johnson's cherished legislative program, as well as his top domestic troubleshooter, handling the Northeast's power blackout in 1965 and the threatened steel strike the same year. Rumbled and slightly roly-poly, Califano has had to overcome some handicaps. For one thing, he was born closer to Brownsville, Brooklyn, than Brownsville, Texas. For another, while he is hardly a yes man, he is still too much in awe of his explosive boss to be a genuinely effective no man, as Moyers could be.

**Loyal as Lady Bird.** At 37, Harry McPherson has Califano's youth and the right regional credentials to boot. A University of Texas Law School graduate, he served Johnson in the Senate for five years, later broadened his experience in the federal establishment with stints at the Pentagon and the State Department. He is also a chief speechwriter, a job whose importance was aptly summarized by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson. "This is often where policy is made," said Acheson, "regardless of where it is supposed to be made." But McPherson, a cultivated, independent man who moves with the Georgetown set, has always kept a certain distance from L.B.J.

As far as the mechanical operation of the White House is concerned, Appointments Secretary Marvin Watson, 42, is top man. He screens 125 to 150 daily requests for appointments with the President, briefs Johnson in advance on visitors, tries valiantly to keep the boss on schedule—no mean task. The President calls him "my get-me-to-the-church-on-time man." A onetime Baylor University economics teacher and Texas steel executive, Watson neither drinks nor dances, invariably wears a vest and a buttoned-up air of rectitude.

Johnson has effusively described Watson as "the most efficient man I have ever known" and said that he is "as wise as my father, gentle as my mother, and loyal to my side as Lady Bird"—which, from the President, is about as high as hyperbole can soar. But Watson has rarely been an adviser on substantive policy matters, and his concentration on purely administrative functions rules him out as a realistic replacement for Moyers.

**Rose Garden Rubbish.** Watson's chief rival in the operations department is former NBC President Robert Kintner, 57, who as Secretary of the Cabinet has the task of maintaining smooth relations between the White House and Government departments. He also presides over weekly meetings of the White House staff, seeks to burnish Johnson's TV image, and supervises the writing of what staffers call "Rose Garden rubbish"—the routine speeches that the President delivers to assorted groups that assemble on the lawn adjoining the White House executive wing.

Most other aides are long-odds candidates. Former Magazine Writer Douglass Cater, 43, is considered too much of a specialist, even though his specialty is close to the President's heart: health, education and welfare. John Roche, 43, a former Brandeis political-science professor, has virtually disappeared in the remote East Wing since becoming the resident intellectual. Foreign Affairs Adviser Walt W. Rostow, a brilliant briefing officer and able speechwriter, has less real power than his predecessor, McGeorge Bundy. Press Secretary Christian, though tough and Texan, is relatively new to the federal apparatus.

**Combat Commanders.** Until a new top hand emerges from the backstage maneuvering that invariably surrounds an upheaval in a President's staff, Johnson is likely to lean more on his "line" officers—the Cabinet secretaries who act, in a sense, as his combat commanders. Among them, three will prob-

ably spend more time than ever with the President in the weeks ahead—McNamara, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner.

As Moyers' leave-taking approaches, rumors have blossomed that McNamara may leave the Pentagon to become the President's executive assistant, with powers akin to those that Sherman Adams exercised with flinty authority under Dwight Eisenhower. That prospect is, at best, remote. McNamara and Johnson are almost certainly too strong-willed to operate harmoniously under one roof. With the Potomac River between them, they get along swimmingly.

## Operation Big Daddy

The first White House dinner of the 1967 social season was an old-fashioned love feast, and the hyperbole was as calorie-laden as the chocolate soufflé. Noting that his three guests of honor had "each suffered the venomous abuse that often attends public life," Lyndon Johnson defended them as "adventurers, pioneers and statesmen who have blazed the trail of human dignity." Replying in kind, Vice President Hubert Humphrey likened Johnson to Franklin Roosevelt. House Speaker John McCormack toasted him as "a man bigger than life," and Chief Justice Earl Warren psalmed the joys of fellowship. "Behold," proclaimed Republican Warren, "how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity."

For all the ingratiating words, the warmest notes at the gala black-tie party were struck by a guest who had to sing for her supper—Musical Comedy Star Carol Channing. A Johnson favorite, especially after her *Hello, Dolly!* number was appropriated for his 1964 campaign theme, Channing is currently appearing in one of the show's road productions. But she and other cast members took time out—"Operation Big Daddy," she dubbed it—to put on an abridged version for the President and



JOHNSON



CALIFANO

*Nimble enough to go where the ball is?*



WATSON



McPHERSON



CHANNING & COMPANY AT WHITE HOUSE REHEARSAL  
With a tangerine-colored wig and a soufflé of hyperbole.

his guests, who included most leading Washington luminaries, as well as such show-biz notables as Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Joan Crawford and Al Hirt.

Our Girl. Before the musical began, its leading lady clued in the press about her special relationship with the First Family. On Election Day 1964, Channing related, she received a long-distance call from the President's wife, who asked: "Is this our dear little Carol?" Channing continued: "I said, 'Yes it is, Mrs. Johnson.' And she said, 'I called you Carol, Carol.' And I said, 'So you did, Lady Bird.' And that was the first time I ever called her Lady Bird." After Mrs. Johnson had finished, "a deep voice came on and said, 'Hello, is this our girl?' And I was so silly, I said, 'Who is this, please?' And he said, 'This is Lyndon.'" The President, she added, then invited her to come to the White House to perform. "And I have, and isn't it all just wonderful?"

The 30-minute show, tailored to the small stage in the East Room, drew raves, but not nearly so many as Channing's offstage performance. After she had completed a rousing encore, the President gave her a bear hug and a kiss, soon whisked her onto the floor for a fox trot—the first time he has danced in public since his celebrated solo with Imelda Marcos at the Manila Conference. As the rest of the revelers stood aside to watch, L.B.J. smiled gamely, his face all but obscured by the red ostrich-feather hat that covered his Dolly's tangerine-colored wig.

When the Johnsons brought forth a red-frosted, three-tiered cake to commemorate the fourth season of *Hello, Dolly!*, Channing paraphrased a line from the show. "I'm deeply grateful to the Great Society," she exclaimed, "because you know exactly how to spread it around!" At another point, L.B.J. brought Everett Dirksen over for an introduction, and Carol bubbled: "I'm so glad to meet you. People keep saying we sound alike."

## THE CONGRESS

### Speaking Out on the Speaker

The President was not alone in lavishing praise on John McCormack. One after another, a dozen of his fellow Democrats rose on the House floor last week to laud the Speaker's virtues. "A kind man, a Christian, a gentleman," intoned Oklahoma's Carl Albert. "No human being has ever been more human," chimed in South Carolina's Mendel Rivers. "When the history of this era is written," apostrophized Louisiana's Hale Boggs, "no name will loom larger."

The eulogies were not exactly spontaneous. They came as a defensive reaction to reports leaked by disgruntled Democratic liberals that the 75-year-old Speaker was "losing touch" with his rank and file. Columnist Jack Anderson, Drew Pearson's alter ego, claimed that McCormack's major legislative concern was "the remodeling of the Capitol building's west front." A Washington Post editorial, concluding that McCormack no longer brings to the speaker-ship the "energy, shrewdness and fighting capacity that it requires," urged that he "step down gracefully."

McCormack's most palpable failure so far this session came in his handling of the Adam Clayton Powell affair. Deeply averse to any break with precedent, he unsuccessfully resisted both the Democratic-caucus move to strip Powell of his committee chairmanship, and the full House action to take away his seat pending a formal investigation. McCormack's stand particularly irritated young, liberal Congressmen, who have been increasingly unhappy about the Speaker's intractably traditionalist position. What McCormack failed to consider was that many a colleague was under heavy pressure from constituents to chastise the flamboyant Negro Congressman.

McCormack remains a dedicated spokesman for his party's legislative

program; he deserves great credit for the mammoth outpouring of Great Society legislation in the 89th Congress. Since the last session, however, he has grown noticeably more emaciated, irascible and heedless of the mood of Congress. After McCormack's defeat on the floor vote that took away Powell's seat, California Democrat Lionel Van Deerlin, a leader of the movement to discipline the Harlem Representative, approached McCormack to explain his action. The Speaker turned away with a disgusted "humph."

### Et tu, Manny?

With no choice but to carry out the House's will, Speaker McCormack last week handpicked a committee of five Democrats and four Republicans to investigate Adam Powell. As chairman, he named Democrat Emanuel Celler, a New Yorker like Powell and chief House sponsor of every major civil rights bill since 1957. Manny Celler had at the time of the Powell floor debate denounced the whole investigation as "a kangaroo court." Now he heads it.

For that matter, all five of the Democrats on the panel had previously shared McCormack's view that Powell should hang onto his House seat pending investigation. One of them, Michigan's John Conyers Jr., a Negro, voted against an inquiry under any circumstances. The four Republican committeemen had all favored the successful move to have Powell step aside. Though the full House will have the final say on Powell's fate, the committee it will hear from is one that Powell himself might have picked.

Just to be on the safe side, Adam went ahead and formed his own committee—a team of eight civil rights lawyers who, he said, would help him "press this fight to the end."

As a start in that direction, Powell



CALIFORNIA'S VAN DEERLIN  
A "humph" for his pains.

announced that proceeds from a forthcoming book and a long-playing record album—both entitled *Keep the Faith, Baby*—would be used belatedly to pay off his longstanding \$164,000 libel judgment against a Harlem widow. As far as his House colleagues are concerned, however, any attempt by Powell to cleanse his past may be offset by his verbiage on the recording. Assailing his congressional opponents as "Judases" and "hypocrites," Powell compares his fate to Caesar's, at one point cries: "Et tu, Brute?" Even for Manny Celler's committee, such histrionics may be hard to take.

## DEFENSE

### The Pentagon Portfolio

Since that first brave boast of "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," Americans have forked over uncounted billions for their military establishment. Though most of the money has gone up—rather literally—in smoke, a handsome residue remains. Last week a Defense Department accounting of its assets as of mid-1966 showed that it was worth \$183.6 billion, a \$7.3 billion increase over the 1965 total.

Most—\$125.4 billion—of the Pentagon's portfolio is in expendable equipment and supplies, from aircraft carriers and guided missiles to ballpoint pens and jungle boots. However, a sizable sum (\$38.4 billion) represents huge property holdings at home and abroad. Including everything from local reserve-unit armories to missile-testing grounds, Defense controls 27,606,219 acres in the United States. It has its biggest holdings in California (4,335,068 acres), its smallest in the District of Columbia (1,672). Its worldwide holdings cover more than the combined areas of Rhode Island, Delaware, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maryland.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Diagnosing the Dragon

They work around the globe, and often around the clock. Their raw materials are propaganda sheets and travelers' recollections, railroad timetables, the fragmentary increments of satellite-borne cameras. Their subject is infinitely elusive, yet hardly esoteric. It is Red China. Thanks to its China watchers, and the relatively new art of stethoscoping the Red Dragon, the U.S. has a clear lead over other nations in piercing the hermetic barriers that seal the Chinese mainland from the outside world.

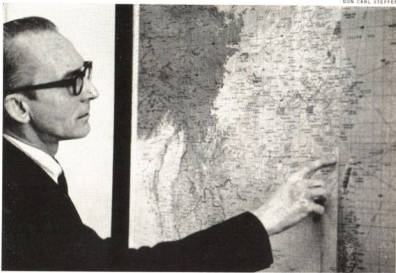
The State Department and the CIA are only two of six federal agencies that employ China watchers; the White House even has a watcher, Georgian-born Alfred Jenkins, to watch the watchers and digest their draconology for the President. There is even a role for the old-fashioned spy—though 90% of the outside world's information about

China comes not from the undercover agent or the overflying U-2 but from an intense reading of what China says about itself.

**The Picture Puzzle.** Edward Rice, U.S. consul general in Hong Kong, compares the job to filling in "a picture puzzle from which a good many pieces are missing." His staff of 60 pores over everything from the speeches of high party leaders to reports of steel shipments and Peking opera programs. The typical senior officer, who must spend four to eight hours a day reading through his In box, starts his morning with the night's output of the New China News Agency, 20,000 to 30,000 words containing the previous day's government announcements, speeches and accounts of ceremonies. Then he

combined with several other signs of unusual activity, U.S. watchers in 1962 were able to detect large-scale troop movements, reflecting Peking's fears of a Nationalist invasion. The U.S., through its ambassador in Warsaw, was able to assure the Communists that it would not support any such move by Taiwan, thus forestalling a potentially explosive confrontation.

When China attacked India the same year, Washington-based Draconologists Allen Whiting (now deputy consul general in Hong Kong) and Paul Kreisberg were able to predict that the advance would stop short of a full-scale invasion. Tension rose in the State Department as the Indians suffered defeat after defeat, but the Chinese eventually halted almost precisely where the U.S.



CHINA EXPERT JENKINS

*When even the ball bearings have a bearing, you try harder.*

moves on to the Peking People's Daily, the theoretical journal *Red Flag*, and the Liberation Army Daily.

Before the day is over, he most likely has digested transcripts of radio broadcasts monitored by the CIA and some of the dozens of technical and specialized publications that Peking puts out. Provincial newspapers, which have to be smuggled out, are prized for what they reveal about the state of the countryside.

"It's not good enough just to read the stuff, of course," says one expert. "You've got to know how to read it, and you have to read it all day, after day. You can't let yourself get bored, and you have to keep the memory drum whirling all the time. When you see something a hundred times over in the same phrase or the same adjective, and they change it, you take note. One variation, or even two, might not mean a thing. So you hold it in your mind and keep reading. If the change is repeated, you know you've got something."

**Calling a Bluff.** From evidence of excessive wear on the ball bearings of Chinese trains coming into Hong Kong,

experts said they would. In 1965, in the midst of the Indian-Pakistani war over Kashmir, China threatened intervention against India. Whiting calmly pronounced the threat nothing more than a bluff—and so it proved to be.

**Poster Scribbles.** In recent months, draconology has gained a new dimension with the rise of the Red Guards. In Hong Kong and Tokyo, U.S. China watchers have taken to combing the Japanese newspapers, which have nine correspondents in Peking, for rundowns on the latest wall-poster scribbles. Though the vast Japanese intelligence network in China was totally obliterated in 1945, Tokyo has skillfully exploited its growing trade (\$638 million in 1966) and other contacts with China to build a surveillance operation that is second only to that of the U.S.

None of the U.S. draconologists has been to the mainland since the Communist conquest in 1949 (though most speak the language, and many were born there, the sons of missionaries). Yet their information about the country is often as good as, or even a little bet-



ter, than any that Peking's leaders have themselves, thanks to China's primitive statistical system and the tendency of local commissars to exaggerate production figures for their superiors.

In Washington, the China watchers, basking in a new-found esteem, are also the acknowledged experts on Chinese restaurants (their honorable selections: the Yenching Palace and the Peking). They identify themselves with greetings in Mandarin: to "How are you?" one might answer *Ma Ma Hu Hu*, which means "horse, horse, tiger, tiger," or "pretty lousy." Though they can rarely come up with the tidy conclusions of their Kremlinological colleagues, they doubtless deserve the white button one of them was wearing last week: its four Chinese characters said simply: "We try harder."

history," attacked the Federal Government, equating Washington with Red China, Russia and Cuba. "And always," she said, "the results are the same, a transfer of power from the people to a rapidly expanding central government. That these deeds are done in the name of our federal constitution adds blasphemy to their performance."

Both Wallaces made clear that Lurleen's election will keep the state on the same tack as before and allow George to pursue his 1968 presidential ambitions—though, Lurleen suggested, there might be a slight change of style in Montgomery. "It will be an attitude," said Lurleen, "reflecting an inner feeling of a wife and a mother. I shall be inclined to examine programs of each of our departments from the standpoint of how they affect the family."

**On to Nome.** In New Mexico, incoming Republican Governor David Cargo proposed a federal-type cabinet system to replace an anarchic maze of 214 separate boards, commissions and offices. Said he: "Our constitution has been patched and overhauled to the point where the original design is obscured and where present and future needs are obliterated."

In Texas, Democrat John Connally, after taking his third oath of office, echoed Old Colleague Lyndon Johnson's plea for legislative action to curb electronic eavesdropping. He made another proposal that L.B.J. would not be likely to approve: that Texas submit to the rest of the states a constitutional amendment requiring the Federal Government to return 5% of all federal income taxes directly to the states. In Nevada, incoming Republican Governor Paul Laxalt proposed a "hold the line" budget.

The most ambitious of all gubernatorial pipedreams was put forward by Walter Hickel, Alaska's first Republican Governor (its second Governor since statehood), who envisioned a new railroad that would stretch 500 miles across the state's high plateau from Fairbanks to Nome. The line would connect with the 470-mile line, known affectionately as the "Moose Goozer," currently running from Seward to Fairbanks. And, said Hickel, it would open Alaska to development just as the transcontinental railroad opened the West in 1869. Who knows? If the *détente* with Russia flourishes, the line—if it is built—might some day be extended across the Bering Strait, connect the Western U.S. rail system with the Trans-Siberian Railway, and be known, of course, as the Vladivostok, Nome & Santa Fe.



GOVERNOR WALLACE & HUSBAND WITH EX-GOVERNOR'S PORTRAIT  
As predictably as Old Jeff himself.

## THE STATES

### From Defiance to *Détente*

Standing proudly before the white pillars of Alabama's statehouse, the South's most luminous white hope vowed defiance of the tyrannical Federal Government and resolutely reaffirmed allegiance to states' rights. The band played *Dixie*; the crowd roared its approval.

That was in 1861, and the hero of the inauguration was Jefferson Davis. The ritual has changed not at all. If Lurleen Wallace, standing in the same spot as Davis and taking her gubernatorial oath on the same Bible, felt any sense of inadequacy about sounding the same shopworn theme—or even the slightest sense of *déjà vu*—her inaugural address last week gave no hint of it whatsoever.

As predictably as Old Jeff himself—or, for that matter, Husband George, who spoke before her and left no doubt who would wield the power—Mrs. Wallace, third woman Governor in U.S.

**Different Road.** By contrast with Lurleen and George, Democrat Robert McNair, taking the oath in South Carolina, another state with a history of bitter-end segregation and states'-rights resistance, was determined to follow the road to moderation. South Carolina, said McNair, has "no time for obsession with either black power or white backlash. With the opportunities that are before us, this is not the time, and South Carolina is not the place, for those who are preoccupied with extremism or petty frustration."

Indeed, most of the Governors who have been inaugurated or made legislative addresses this month have urged that their states make reforms so that they can play a responsive, responsible role in the federal system. Joining the list of states in line for possible constitutional change last week were Pennsylvania, Texas and New Mexico.

\* The other two: Miriam ("Ma") Ferguson of Texas and Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming, both inaugurated in 1925.

## THE CAPITAL

### Dead Men Tell No Tales

"Did you steal that money?" asked the defense attorney over and over. Each time, the witness replied crisply: "I did not." Thus a beleaguered Bobby Baker last week emphatically denied in court one of the U.S. Government's key accusations against him: that he had raised \$99,600 in contributions for congressional candidates in 1962, only to pocket most of it himself. Then what became of the money? In reply, the former Senate Democratic secretary invoked the name of a man who could not possibly dispute or corroborate his account. He had given the cash, Baker claimed, to Democratic Senator Robert S. Kerr shortly before the Oklahoma millionaire died on Jan. 1, 1963.

If that sounded like a Shakespearean bid to call spirits from the vasty deep, it came as no more of a surprise than the fact that Baker was testifying at all. When he went on trial two weeks ago for larceny, tax evasion and conspiracy to defraud the Government (TIME, Jan. 20), it seemed unlikely that the onetime



Washington whizbang would elect to take the stand. Yet after the prosecution rested its case, Defense Attorney Edward Bennett Williams called Baker as his first witness. Displaying little of the bravado of his less troubled days, Bobby calmly told the jury of sundry influence-peddling deals. But his own role, he maintained, had been little more than that of an errand boy for Kerr.

**Prompt Promise.** Baker also evoked Lyndon Johnson's name four times. When he found in the summer of 1962 that he was desperately short of cash for his \$1,200,000 Maryland shore Carousel Motel, Baker testified, he took his woes to Johnson, whom he described as "the best friend I had around the Capitol." Baker said: "The then Vice President picked up the phone and called his friend and my friend—Senator Kerr. He then advised me to go immediately to Senator Kerr's office, which I did."

According to Baker, Kerr at once promised personally to lend him \$50,000, advanced him \$10,000 of it forthwith and arranged an additional \$250,000 line of credit from an Oklahoma City bank.

As it happened—and as Baker recounted in court—Kerr was deeply involved at the time in political infighting over the tax reform bill of 1962, which sought to end the special tax treatment enjoyed by savings and loan associations. At the suggestion of an industry lobbyist, Baker arranged a meeting in September 1962 between Kerr and Kenneth Childs, a Los Angeles S & L executive. Afterward, Baker went on, Childs informed him that "as a result of the conference with Senator Kerr," he was going back to California and get together a "substantial contribution to Senator Kerr, to be used in the 1962 election." The tax reform bill was enacted by Congress on Oct. 2—but only after a conference committee knocked out a feature to which stockholder-owned S & L companies had objected.

Baker testified that on three occasions, in October and November, he had been handed envelopes containing money—presumably the disputed \$99,600—by executives of West Coast S & L companies. Each time, Baker insisted, he turned over the envelopes to Kerr. On one such occasion, Baker received two envelopes from Stuart Davis, board chairman of Los Angeles' Great Western Financial Corp. (who had previously testified that they contained \$50,100 in campaign funds). When he gave the envelopes to Kerr, Baker continued, the Senator loaned him \$25,000 of the money, with the comment that he would "replenish" it later from his own funds. Bobby also said that he visited Oklahoma after Thanksgiving, at which time Kerr gave him another \$15,000—completing the \$50,000 loan he had promised him.

**Happy Christmas!** On Dec. 16, 1962, Kerr suffered the illness that was to lead to a fatal heart attack two weeks later. Baker testified that at Christmas he re-

ceived a call from Kerr, but at first could not believe that it was really the Senator. After all, said Bobby, "when Senator Johnson had his heart attack, the doctors insisted that he not make telephone calls." Making Kerr sound like the reformed Scrooge, Baker said the Senator told him that "he wanted to call me to let me know he loved me and my family. He said, 'Bob, I hope this is the best Christmas you've ever had. You've had it tough. The reason I wanted to talk to you was I wanted to wipe your slate clean of money I loaned you.'" According to Baker, Kerr told him that the \$50,000 was payment "for the many wonderful things you have done for me."

If Bobby Baker had indeed turned over all the "political contributions" to Kerr, what did the Senator do with them? In his opening statement, De-



KERR IN WASHINGTON OFFICE (1962)  
*Spirit from the vasty deep.*

fense Attorney Williams said that when Kerr's Washington safe deposit box was opened following his death, it yielded "an equivalent sum to what had been turned over to him" by Baker. Without specifying that amount, Williams declared that Baker "did not commit theft from the savings and loan executives." Government attorneys this week will try to shake Baker's story under cross-examination. Whatever the outcome, his testimony will only becloud the memory of Bob Kerr—the man with whom Baker, according to his attorney, had "a father-son relationship."

## FOREIGN AID

### Agents of the Other War

The county agent, with his farming know-how and scientific savvy, has proved to be one of the Federal Government's most creative contributions to American agriculture. Accordingly, after last year's Honolulu conference, when President Johnson articulated the need for getting on with the "other war" in Viet Nam—the war against hunger and poverty—it was only na-

tural that the Department of Agriculture should think of enlisting U.S. county agents. Last week, after five months of Stateside training, the first volunteers, 16 in all, headed toward Viet Nam, where they will try to assist Asian peasants in much the same fashion that they help American farmers.

It will be no easy job, as the county agents learned during their training at a camp in Florida's swamp country, where the balmy climate approximates that of tropical Viet Nam. They were warned to expect terrorist attacks, told never to travel at night for fear of ambush, and informed about the standoffish peasants' social and religious taboos. The most arduous aspect of the course was learning the language from three Vietnamese instructors (*theo* is pig, *bap* is corn, *ga* is chicken, and farmer is a tongue-twisting *nguai lam ruong*). Kiddingly, the agents asked their Vietnamese teachers how to say "I surrender"—and were haughtily ignored by the tough former army men. After 450 hours of study, the volunteers feel they have barely grasped the hang of basic Vietnamese. Yet it is their language capability, plus their specialized knowledge of tropical agriculture, that will distinguish the county agents as the best prepared workers the U.S. has sent to Viet Nam.

**"Good Sense."** The agents will eventually total 90 and work in all of Viet Nam's 43 provinces—none of which can yet be described as totally free from terror. After four weeks of intensive study of rice production in the Philippines and Taiwan, they will get special instruction in booby traps and, if they request it, weaponry when they reach Viet Nam. Only then will they be ready to go out among the Vietnamese peasants, who make up 85% of the country's 14 million population.

With hardship allowances and other premiums, the county agents will boost their average Stateside salaries of \$9,000 to about \$16,000. They insist, however, that it is not just the money that attracts them. "I believe in this technical assistance," says Marvin Belew of Centerville, Tenn., 53, a civilian air-transport-command navigator in World War II and a county agent for the past 15 years. "It's a chance to help." Charles Wissenbach, 32, of Williamsburg, Mass., is a Mormon who sees his service as "something the Lord would want me to do." William Schumacher, of Catskill, N.Y., a World War II glider pilot, is leaving his wife and ten children behind for his 18-month tour, says philosophically about the dangers: "If it happens, it happens."

At 26, Arthur Gehlbach, of Corydon, Ind., is the youngest of the group, believes that the program "makes good sense." Says he: "A county agent's job is getting people together, coordinating, helping. That's what we'll do in Viet Nam. But I know enough to keep my mouth shut if they know more than I do. Farmers don't push very good."

## WHAT IS ART TODAY?

*The greatest mystery is not that we have been flung at random for contemplation: of the earth and the galaxy of the stars, but that in this prison we can fashion images of ourselves sufficiently powerful to deny our nothingness.*

—André Malraux

What images? Among those currently proffered to the public for contemplation: a series of six, large, identically white pictures by Walter de Maria differing only in that on one the artist has written in pencil the word *Sky*, on another *River*, on a third *Mountain*. Four packing-case-sized and identical boxes by Robert Morris, painted white and spaced at equal intervals on the floor. A row of what appears to be eight truncated shoeboxes, the work of James Seawright, each containing a variant of the figure eight in sometimes flashing lights, while every now and then a taped voice croaks out, "Eight." A flight of wooden stairs covered in gold-colored carpet, entitled *Enclad* by Joe Goode. A creation called *Die* by Architect-turned-Sculptor Tony Smith, which he admits he ordered by phone. And why not? It is only a six-by-six-by-six-foot cube in slab metal—a piece of art on which the artist has not laid a hand.

These are examples of the latest in "minimal" art. The present art scene offers other creations: paintings that are an eye-blinding dazzle of stripes; canvases that are cantilevered from the wall right over the living-room sofa; gadgets that jiggle, wiggle, writhe and spin. And, though it is past its peak, there is pop: an assemblage in which a real lawnmower leans against a painted canvas; Brillo boxes designed to look exactly like Brillo boxes; cartoons blown up to mural size, complete with dialogue balloons and lithographic dots; old bits of crumpled automobiles presented as sculpture; an old Savarin coffee can containing 18 brushes in turpentine and frozen in ineffable permanency. Sometimes the subjects are erotic, Edward Kienholz's plaster couple makes love in the back seat of a real, if dismembered, car. Larry Rivers' seven-foot, three-faced Negro in plywood achieves vivid connection with a complainant friend by way of a flashing light bulb. A disembodied female breast by Tom Weselmann looms, big as a mountain, over a diminished seashore.

Are these images sufficiently powerful to deny man's nothingness? All are declared to be art by the museums that show them, by the critics who explain and hail them, by the collectors who buy them. This has its advantages over the old days when the young artist suffered from neglect and sometimes died unrecognized. But in this day when the most radical young artist is threatened not by neglect but by the possibility that he may be considered over the hill at 30, a few critics and some painters who themselves were radical only a few styles back are beginning to raise an old question: What is art? They are worried not so much by the extravagance of some objects that are accepted as art as by the fact that there seem to be no criteria, no opposition, not even an insistence on the artist's uniqueness or individuality—the very claim that used to animate artistic revolutions. More and more people are beginning to feel that the current state of art, as Robert Frost said of free verse, is like playing tennis without a net.

## Broken Illusion

The net has always seemed solid only to those who, with Plato, considered art to be the imitation of nature. The classic anecdote of the triumph of art as artifice concerned Zeuxis: when he unveiled his painting of grapes, birds flew down to peck at them. What the anecdotalists seldom added is that Zeuxis' rival won the contest, for when the judges turned to unveil his painting, they were stunned to discover that the veil itself was the painting and declared him the

winner because he had fooled the judges, while Zeuxis had fooled only birds.

Actually, mimesis as a theory of art was an illusion, invented by a beholder for other beholders. The artists themselves always knew that they were exaggerating, distorting, filtering—to express worship of the divine or a view of man, to make the real more real. But whether the emphasis was moralistic (said Tolstoy: "Art is the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings"), or emotional (Ruskin: "The first universal characteristic of art is tenderness"), or esthetic (Baudelaire: art is "the study of the beautiful"), or hedonistic (Santayana: "The value of art lies in making people happy"), the theory of art as imitation held on. It was finally destroyed in the 1880s—partly because of the appearance of the camera, which copied nature so much more accurately than could any human hand. Artists began to talk of a painting as "an object" in itself rather than the representation of something else.

"A painting—before being a war horse, a nude woman or some anecdote—is essentially a flat surface covered with colors arranged in a certain order," said one painter-polemicist, Maurice Denis, in 1890. Thus began the rapid but epic evolution in which representation was first blurred, then distorted, then broken into fragments and finally disappeared altogether in abstraction. The artists arrogated to themselves (as did the poets at the same time) the right to say what art was, with the added inference that if the viewer (or reader) did not understand it, that was his fault. "It was as if suddenly," says Painter Robert Motherwell, "an established church had dissolved. Each artist became his own self-ordained priest, charged with deciding for himself such questions as what is god or what is sin."

## The New Church

It was an exhilarating experience. But inevitably, within a few years a new church was established. Says Artist Saul Steinberg: "This church has its saints, who are accepted only after they are dead. We have the holy bones of Mondrian and the miraculous blood of Soutine. This church has its martyrs, like Jackson Pollock. It has its bishops and cardinals—the critics and museum directors. The museums have encouraged the production of icons, holy images, and other good luck charms that have no artistic value outside the church." The church also has its missionaries—the dealers. Among the leading ones right now is Manhattan's Leo Castelli. A few years ago, the story goes, Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning remarked, "That son of a bitch Castelli, he has the nerve to sell anything. He could even sell beer cans." Whereupon Jasper Johns proceeded to create his famous pop-art beer cans. Since the emergence of pop, with its move back to representation, abstraction has ceased to be the absolute dogma of the artistic church, whose chief theology today is the "reality theory."

This theory of art as an object turns every object into potential art. As one philosopher, Columbia Professor Arthur C. Danto, admits: "What in the end makes Rauschenberg's real beds streaked with paint and Warhol's Brillo boxes art is the theory. Without the theory, one is unlikely to see them as art." This does not satisfy all the critics. Says the Observer's Nigel Gosling: "Take a table and put it into a gallery, then it's art. But take eight of them and put them into a gallery, then it's a restaurant."

What then is art? The modern sages offer no solid answers. Says Sherman Lee, director of the Cleveland Museum of Art: "It is an expression of individual sensibilities. A neon Coca-Cola sign is in a very real sense a piece of art. The fact that anyone could make it is more or less beside the point. The fact is that no one else did make it." Says the Museum of Modern Art's Alfred Barr, who is viewed by

many as the untiaered pope of the modern art world: "It is folly to say what is art. Works can become art by fiat—sometimes the fiat of one man. And it can be art for a while and then not art. It's obvious today that comics are art. Just because these things are vulgar, doesn't mean they are not art." Says the former director of the Tate Gallery, Sir John Rothenstein: "Art derives from the intention of the artist. But time is the only impeccable judge."

The necessity for considering the artist's intent and personality is the only common note that modern opinion strikes. It is a doctrine that brings art criticism down to the plane of psychoanalysis. The principle was perhaps pushed to its extreme by Peggy Guggenheim, who has admitted that she was not much impressed by Jackson Pollock as a painter until the day he urinated in her fireplace.

### Meaning in Meaninglessness

The situation has produced a new kind of patron. "Most collectors today are not just satisfied with buying art, they want to buy a piece of the artist as well," grumbles one dissenter. "They want to belong to the art world, go see dirty movies at night at Andy Warhol's apartment." And Warhol in turn becomes a feature of gossip columns and a fixture at society's tables. Any day now he may be wrapped in plaster by the plaster master, George Segal, and propped against the bar in somebody's penthouse.

The situation has also produced a new breed of critics whose function is not to enunciate or defend standards but to be explicators and publicists for the new. Rothenstein, once a champion of innovation himself, now complains: "Scarcely anything, when it is quite new, however manifestly idiotic, is forthrightly condemned." Small wonder. Past critics were thoroughly cowed and browbeaten, not unjustly, for their classic misjudgments, beginning with the scorn heaped on Manet's *Olympia* and culminating in the ridicule showered on the impressionists, the Fauves and the cubists. Critics now live in terror of seeming square. The trouble is, as one anticritic remarked, they are now saying more and more about less and less. That includes some museum officials who are critics as well. Describing a box by Richard Artschwager, Ralph T. Coe of Kansas City's Nelson Gallery wrote: "The cheesecake surface of his formica triptych opens to reveal—absolutely nothing. This work reaches clear into the unlimited recesses of the mind: recesses that could frighten." Sam Hunter, critic and director of Manhattan's Jewish Museum, commented on a work by Barnett Newman, maximum leader of the minimalists; it was a large canvas, all red except for four thread-thin vertical stripes. Wrote Hunter: "These fragile and oscillating stripes play tricks on the eye and the mind by their alternate compliance and aggression. Brilliantly visible and all but subliminally lost . . . their cunning equivocation quite subverts the concepts of division and geometric partition." Sarah Lawrence Professor William Rubin said of Jasper Johns: "For him the image is meaningful in its meaninglessness."

The artists themselves do their bit. Painter Ad Reinhardt, who has so "refined" his paintings that they are currently all the same size and all look absolutely black until sufficient staring reveals an invariable cross of rectangles, is wont to make such statements as: "There is no place in art for life . . . the one thing to say about art is its breathlessness, lifelessness, deathlessness, contentlessness, formlessness, spacelessness, and timelessness."

"Esthetics is to art what ornithology is to the birds," quips Barnett Newman. On the contrary, too many modern painters seem to listen first and paint afterward, to be guided by the art theory of others rather than an art instinct of their own. The turnover is so fast that a style is lucky to last more than a couple of years before it is pronounced dead by the critics. With such a declaration, many a collector decides that he had better unload, prices decline, and artists get despondent. More in anger than in jest, Painter Jimmy Ernst ticked off an "unhappy proliferation" of present and possibly future styles: "Op and pop, sop (soft-edge-optical), plop-plop (from catsup bottles), abrev (abstract revisionism), exab (express-abstract), geopimp (geometric-post-impression-

ism), kipab (kinetic-pest-abstract), syncromesh (easy to shift), nero (new eroticism), and perhaps even esthex (esthetic experiments between consenting adults in the privacy of their home).

All this provides no answer to the question, what is art? The artists' own attitude in general is a questioning, as in science, rather than an affirmation, as in humanism. Being heretics with no common cause, rebelling against a permissive society with no settled faith of its own, they often seem driven into intellectual dead ends or fragmented tantrums of defiance, fighting unseen gusts that are perhaps not there. It is hard to be different among crowds of other people trying to be different. In the Dada decade, Marcel Duchamp could shock people by exhibiting a urinal turned upside down and calling it *Fountain*. Seeing it for the first time today, hardly anyone would flinch—although a few might try to flush.

If art no longer shocks, it seldom edifies. Gone is the romantic reverence that made a work of art an object of worship; now it is apt to be just a household object, a neatly executed artifact. Is that enough? "If a painting does not make a human contact, it is nothing," says Motherwell. "The audience also is responsible. Through pictures, our passions touch; therefore painting is the fulfillment of a deep human necessity, not a production of a handmade commodity. A painting, or a man, is neither a decoration nor an anecdote."

### Duty to Judge

Perhaps the best thing about all the decorations and anecdotes that clutter the scene is a sense of humor, a sense of freedom, a suspicion that anything can happen—perhaps even passion. In this welter of the current art world, it is still possible to say, or sense, that some things are good, some bad. There is the almost haunting fact that one metal glob or set of blinking lights will somehow tug at the imagination, while another will not. That Savarin coffee can full of paint brushes, which is in the Museum of Modern Art at the moment, is a visual bore. But Rauschenberg's goat with a tire around it is somehow amusing. Kienholz's latest exhibit, an abortionist's chair, complete with curette, bloody rags and fetus, has some horrid documentary interest, even if it need not be confused with El Greco's best work. Tony Smith's huge constructions have a presence (even if they are ordered by phone) that a pile of concrete blocks by Carl Andre have not. Something called *Liaison*, by John Bennett, has some strange charm, looming like a cross between an oversized scuba diver and a mechanical caricature of an elephant (though it's hard to see in what corner of the living room it would fit). But there is no such justification for those *Euclid* stairs; even as a literary joke, they are not worth the floor space they occupy, and someone ought to have the energy to say so. George Segal's plaster figures, produced by the ostensibly simple method of wrapping a subject in plaster-soaked rags, are unaccountably melancholy and powerful. Why? Modern esthetics sayeth not.

Yet it is that "why" to which today's art viewer must cling for dear life. It may be futile to insist any longer that one thing is art and another is not. Let everything be called art. But if so, it is more necessary than ever, in a time when to mention beauty has become a *gaucherie*, to decide that one work but not another has authority; that this one but not that one expands the senses or compels the imagination. The gallerygoer cannot stop the tastemaker from talking. But he can stop listening quite so docilely. Ultimately, art can be of value to him or to posterity only if it somehow enhances his own awareness of the world—by sight, touch or emotion—but it has to be his own decision. He has a duty to look long, learn and then judge, to like or not to like. He may make hideous mistakes. That is his risk—too few people make it— and better than abdicating personal reaction in favor of fashionable theory. For time, as today's uncertain men agree, is the only final judge; and the live viewer with his feet aching is the first voter in a poll whose results he may never know.

In the end, André Malraux expects too much when he asks for images to deny man's nothingness; that is turning art into religion. But if art need not deny the nothingness of man, it is urgent for man to deny the nothingness of art.

# THE WORLD

## EUROPE

### Scurrying in the Wings

"Eu-ro-pa! Eu-ro-pa!" chanted thousands of Italian university students as British Prime Minister Harold Wilson stepped last week from an R.A.F. Comet at Rome's Ciampino airport. The cheer fitted Wilson's mood. Britain—once great but long insular—was again seeking admission to the six-nation Common Market, and through it to the larger Europe that the Market envisions. Wilson and his Foreign Secretary, George Brown, were in Italy on a dramatic mission to explore, with top Italian offi-

to the Urals—and free from U.S. influence.

**Dominating Issue.** Harold Wilson puts forward a more inclusive vision. British entry into the Common Market would mean a bigger, potentially far more powerful Europe, adding to the Market 54 million more customers. Britain's science-based industries would help the Continental nations close the technological gap with the U.S. Its participation would pave the way for the eventual inclusion in the Market of most, if not all, of the other EFTA nations with which Britain is now economically allied. That would boost the Market's

otherwise be locked out by the Market's high external tariff. But none of this worried the Italians. Said Premier Aldo Moro: "The door is open."

The Netherlands, Luxembourg and Belgium feel the same way. As Belgium's Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel declared last week: "We have reached the conclusion that it is no longer possible to have Europe without Britain." West Germany also favors British entry, though it is unlikely to push too hard for fear of offending the French.

**High Price.** Thus the score is 5 to 1—just as it was in 1963. Do the British stand a better chance this time? That depends entirely on Charles de Gaulle. He, of course, was not saying. There was speculation in Paris that he may be considering a compromise under which Britain would become an associate member for several years while it proves its devotion to Europe. Full membership is another matter. In a recent background briefing for French newsmen, Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville ticked off the French conditions for full British participation. Britain must agree to withdraw from its military commitments east of Suez and become a purely European power. It must agree to a devaluation of the pound, end sterling's special role as one of the world's two reserve currencies (the other: the dollar). It must also loosen its ties with the Commonwealth and stop trying to exercise its "special relationship" with the U.S.

Such a price seems unreasonably—perhaps unreachably—high. As much as Britain might yearn to withdraw from east of Suez, it is nevertheless held there by defense treaties, family ties to former colonies and substantial pressure from the U.S. Though Britain is burdened by its responsibilities for protecting the pound, it is not a duty that can be shucked off without endangering the world's fiscal system.

Nevertheless, Wilson tried to please the French by making anti-American noises. Reporting to Commons after last week's Rome talks, he deplored, as De Gaulle does, American take-overs of Continental and British firms—though he last week approved Chrysler's taking control of the Rootes automaking group. He also praised the Franco-British plan to build a swinging fighter-bomber in the 1970s. The project, said Wilson, "really means the integration of our aircraft industries."

**Political Considerations.** For once, De Gaulle himself was in a dilemma. Legally, under the Market charter, he can blackball Britain as he did in 1963. Politically, such a move could backfire. An anti-British stand would hurt his party in the March elections for the National Assembly. A *non* would also produce what West German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger calls "*eine Auseinandersetzung*"—a vast disruption—in the



WILSON, SARAGAT & BROWN IN ROME  
Grand visions for an eager audience.

cials, Britain's chances for acceptance.

In Rome, where he also talked with Pope Paul VI about Viet Nam, Wilson made only the first of a series of forays into the heart of Europe. This week he takes his case to the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, then goes to Paris for a meeting with the man whose *non* in 1963 blocked the first British attempt. Next month Wilson will visit the other Common Market capitals. Says he: "What we seek is to make a practical reality of a vision—a vision of a Europe which, strong and united, will be able to play an effective part in the world."

Wilson's words were addressed to a changing Europe that is eager for visions. The postwar period has ended; old alliances are shifting. Western Europe is gripped by a sudden fascination with building bridges to Eastern Europe. For the first time since World War II, Europe feels that it has the strength and stature to shape its own destiny. So far, the most insistent influence on that destiny has been Charles de Gaulle, who wants an inward-looking Europe of independent yet friendly fatherlands extending from the Channel

population to more than 250 million, give Europe an economic might nearly equal to that of the U.S. and superior to the Soviet Union's.

But, as De Gaulle clearly recognizes, a bigger Europe could not so easily be dominated by one nation, as France now dominates the policy of the Common Market. He let it be known last week that he was furious that Wilson had the gall to speak on French soil to the Council of Europe before paying his respects at the Elysée Palace. Wilson's aides let it be known that they considered such sensibilities "petty."

Meanwhile, Wilson pushed ahead. In 7½ hours of talks with President Giuseppe Saragat and other Italian leaders, he emphasized that Britain no longer wanted any special privileges. "If we join the Common Market," he pledged, "we shall abide by the rules, and we shall play a full part in encouraging the advancement of political unity in Europe." Naturally, Britain would need a few years to adjust its agricultural system to the Market's, and some provision would have to be made to help Commonwealth trading partners that would



Market that would lead to bitter enmity and perhaps to paralysis.

Thus, if De Gaulle wishes to exclude Britain from the Market, he must make it appear that the British are keeping themselves out. Wilson knows all this, and is prepared to go to any reasonable length to get in.

## WEST GERMANY

### Opening Toward the East

Germany's historical *Drang nach Osten*—push toward the East—has more often than not involved expansion and conquest at its neighbors' expense. Now West Germany is looking eastward again—but this time with a great difference. The only expansion it seeks is economic; the only conquest it wants is over the understandable fear and hostility that still persist among the Eastern European nations that have suffered so much at Germany's hands. Last week West German Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger rose in the Bundestag and, speaking to the East as much as to the deputies, said: "We view the reshaping of our relations with the East as the supreme challenge of our generation."

Calling that task West Germany's "grand design," Kiesinger asked the East to forgive Germany for the past and to accept its approach, "despite all existing differences in opinion, as what it is and wants to be: a wide policy of peace and understanding whose objective is the happy future of all Europe. Our policy is directed against nobody, including Russia. It should not be judged by the standards of conventional diplomacy, which all too easily suspects the motive of troublemaking. That is not our intention."

**Bypassing Ulbricht.** Kiesinger's words represent quite a switch in Bonn policy, which up to now has barred normal diplomatic relations with the East-bloc countries until they first consent to German reunification. That policy, of course, got nowhere. Kiesinger and his coalition government realize that reunification is a long way off as matters now stand, particularly in the face of the intransigence of East Germany's old Stalinist, Walter Ulbricht. By making new moves to win the confidence of the East, they are bypassing East Germany and hoping that the Eastern bloc, once reassured that Germany's aggressive instincts have died, will eventually consent to reunification.

German tourists and businessmen, of course, are ahead of the diplomats in discovering how to get along with the East. West Germany is second only to the Soviet Union in trading with Eastern Europe, second to none in sending tourists. Mercedes and Opels with West German license plates line the streets in front of the best hotels in Bucharest and Prague. In summer German tourists bask under Bulgaria's sun at low-priced Black Sea resorts; in winter they fly down the ski trails of Rumania's Carpathian mountains or the Tatra Mountains of Czechoslovakia.

**Soviet Approval.** Now the action is moving to the diplomatic front. Last week a top-level German foreign-office team returned from Bucharest, bringing hope that Rumania would become the first Soviet-bloc nation to establish diplomatic relations with the Federal Republic when Foreign Minister Corneliu Manescu goes to Bonn next month. Bulgaria and Hungary are expected to follow Rumania's lead within the next few months. A team of German negotiators was also in Prague last week, but German-Czech relations are still beclouded by legal snarls arising out of the infamous 1938 Munich agreement under which Hitler seized the Sudetenland. The Czechs and West Germans, however, are expected to solve their differences and exchange ambassadors

## RED CHINA

### The Death of Li

*Li, or the principle of social order, prevents the rise of moral or social chaos as a dam prevents a flood. A people who do away with the old principle of social order meet with moral disaster.*

—Confucius

Last week Mao Tse-tung's Red Guards went to Shantung province and wrecked the birthplace of Confucius. For 2,400 years, the Chinese have studied his counsels of moderation and non-violence. The zealots who desecrated his shrine at Chu Fu, reported the Peking People's Daily, had buried Confucianism "once and for all." In the madness that Red China has become, the act was highly symbolic. Mao's



GERMAN TOURISTS RACING DONKEYS AT BULGARIAN RESORT  
*Supreme challenge for a generation.*

by midyear. The Poles are less pliable. They insist that West Germany must recognize the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's eastern border before any diplomatic ties can be established. The West Germans refuse to make any binding commitment on borders until a peace conference is finally held.

While Bonn looks to the East, the East Germans remain unresponsive to its call for closer all-German cooperation. Though there are isolated instances of contact—such as last week's success by the Lutheran Synod in West Berlin in maintaining unity with its churches in East Germany—Bonn realizes that little or no progress can be made toward reunification as long as Ulbricht bosses the Pankov regime. But Ulbricht is 73. His successor is likely to be less unbending, especially in the light of the surprisingly favorable Soviet reception to the West German initiatives. After years of castigating West Germany as a land of unregenerate Nazis, Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev last week publicly welcomed Bonn's moves toward the East—in itself an important contribution toward relaxing tensions in Europe.

Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has all but destroyed the last vestiges of social order. In fact, Mao's "closest comrade in arms" and heir, Defense Minister Lin Biao, admitted via wall poster that "the entire country is now in a state of civil war."

**Arrest & Suicide.** Violence and disorder continued to rule from the cities of the eastern river valleys to the western desert of Sinkiang. The deposed mayor of Shanghai was hauled through the city's streets atop a trolley car, his head bowed and a placard tied about his neck. Armed battles between pro- and anti-Maoist factions roiled the streets of Canton, and north of the city, in Kiangsi province, an army of anti-Mao peasants was reported gathering—and daring Mao's Red Guards to come and fight them. Wall posters announced the suicide of onetime Army Chief of Staff Lo Jui-ching and other officials, plus the attempted suicides of three other Mao enemies: Party Secretary Teng Hsiao-ping, Economic Planner Po Yi-po, and Supreme People's Court President Yang Hsue-feng. Marshal Peng Teh-huai, Red China's hero of the



Korean War, was reported under arrest.

Tass reported that Red Guards raged through the capital of Peking, sacking and seizing ministries, arresting people at will and generally adding to the anarchy. One Red Guard detachment even arrested another in Peking, and one of the arrested guards turned out to be none other than Chen Siao, son of Chen Yi, Red China's Mao-lining Foreign Minister. Against Mao's teen-age Red Guards, the anti-Mao establishment mobilized tens of thousands of industrial workers, gave them pay raises and bonuses and sent many of them into Peking or other big cities to protest. Clearly bewildered by the contradictory commands of the wall posters aimed at first one faction, then another, both Maoists and anti-Maoists milled aimlessly through the streets, creating a thousand explosive situations.

Armed with their cash bribes, many first went on a spending spree for what passes for luxury goods in China. As a result, sales of watches, radios and cotton goods were belatedly banned, and the Maoists issued orders freezing wages and bank withdrawals. In Shanghai, where Mao backers and anti-Mao farmers fresh from the country confronted one another, the anti-Mao city authorities were accused of trying to withdraw more than \$400,000 in funds at a stroke. Trying to get the country's industry running again without its regular workers or managers, Maoist students took over in some places. That they were not faring well was as much as admitted by Peking's People's Daily, which complained that the anti-Maoists "think themselves wonderful and imagine that none of their work can be done without them. They are waiting to see us make laughingstocks of ourselves."

**Peace & Quiet.** Well aware that industrial chaos aided neither side in the power struggle, both factions last week seemed to be giving Mediator Chou En-lai a chance to get the assembly lines moving again. Chiding both the Red Guards for their excesses and the opposition for its stubbornness, Chou, according to wall posters, spent all night settling an aircraft-engine ministry strike. When one workers' group complained that a rival group had smashed its "publicity car," Chou snarled that he would like to see all publicity cars smashed "so maybe Chairman Mao could get a little peace and quiet."

The influx of Red Chinese diplomatic staffs summoned back to Peking from their posts around the world continued, bringing the total to an estimated 200 diplomats from some 30 missions. Some will no doubt be purged; the survivors, Japanese analysts suspect, may have a significant say in Chinese foreign policy after the purge is over. That there is hardly anyone minding the diplomatic store abroad for China in the meantime does not much matter; torn asunder by strife at home, Peking has little it can—or wants to—say to the outside world.

## TAIWAN

### Ready & Waiting

Almost as palpable as the grey, bone-chilling rain that gusted over Taiwan last week was the pervasive mood of concern about the furious happenings only 100 miles across the strait. In downtown Taipei, Chinese huddled in raincoats and overcoats discussing the latest news out of Red China. Businessmen at the smart Golden Dragon restaurant traded reports over lunch. In



CHIANG KAI-SHEK GIVING NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

*The force of politics—for now.*

thousands of homes, mainland exiles tuned in their radios and television sets and pored through newspapers for the latest hints of hope. The Nationalist Chinese on Taiwan are sharing in Red China's convulsions as only those can who have left behind on the mainland their relatives, their memories—and many of their hopes.

At another time, the Nationalist Chinese might have rattled their rockets and threatened to take advantage of Red China's chaos by invading the mainland. Now, though a few officials gave in to the temptation to threaten, the response was remarkably restrained. The Nationalists know that they cannot move without U.S. aid and that, in any case, the Communists may destroy themselves without outside interference. For the moment, they are watching and waiting—and stressing politics rather than military force as the most effective current weapon against Red China. "Our present task," says Chiang Kai-shek, "is to adapt ourselves to the changes in the world situation and create new opportunities for ourselves. Though we are convinced that our military counteroffensive will be the decisive force to roll back the tides of treachery and suffering, we must bear in mind that as far as the present situation is concerned, politics must not only precede military action but politics must be considered as surpassing military action in importance."

**Mainland Sabotage.** Nonetheless, Chiang stands ready for any eventuality. The country's 600,000-man army is well trained and well equipped, and Chiang keeps 80,000 troops poised and battle-ready on Taiwan's sister islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which are still bombarded now and then by Communist shore batteries. His high-flying U-2s regularly overfly the mainland taking pictures of Red China's defenses. Nationalist agents still cross the Strait of Taiwan to infiltrate the mainland. Chiang's government claims that 40 anti-Communist incidents occurred on the mainland between March and Oc-



RED GUARDS & WORKERS MILLING AROUND IN SHANGHAI  
*Clearly bewildered by all the contradictory commands.*



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**Command Performance**

# Camaro

By Chevrolet





tober 1966, most of them involving highway and railway bombings and industrial sabotage organized by pro-Nationalist guerrillas under Taiwan control. A modern force of 500 planes could be off the country's runways at a moment's notice.

Chiang is also preparing his government for whatever may come. At a time when Red China is mired in economic troubles along with its seemingly endless series of purges, he and his lieutenants are quietly building Asia's strongest government, its second strongest economy (after Japan) and, despite 17 years of exile, an *esprit* that somehow continues to embody the tenuous dream of mainland recovery. To improve the government, Chiang recently called for "new policies" and "modernized governmental mechanisms." In an obvious dig at Peking's harangues about "revisionism," he is also pushing a "revision" of the Kuomintang, Taiwan's ruling body and one of Asia's oldest political parties. The revision is aimed at chopping out some of the deadwood and older party hacks and broadening Kuomintang membership to include more classes of people, particularly young new leaders with fresh ideas. "Our struggle with Red China is not just dialectic," insists Ku Cheng-kang, a member of the Kuomintang's 19-man Standing Committee. "Our political system and reforms have shown results, and we take pride in this as a viable alternative to Communism."

**One Hope.** Just how far things will go on the mainland, Chiang can only guess like everyone else. His one hope is that he will still be around when—and if—the Nationalists ever return. In case he is not, Chiang, now 79, has already made provision for the transfer of power to his oldest son and political heir: Chiang Ching-kuo, 56, Taiwan's Defense Minister. Late last month, at the annual meeting of the party's Central Committee, 600 KMT delegates voted Chiang—and hence his successor—the right to appoint a special national security council with sweeping emergency powers. Such a council would act as a built-in power structure, waiting only for the day when either Chiang or Ching-kuo might decide to activate it.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### After Their Nests

"Guerrillas are like birds," said General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, on a recent tour of Viet Nam. "They don't have sky hooks and they can't exist on air. They've got to light somewhere, and the place to get them is in their nests." Last week Operation Cedar Falls continued to scythe through the enemy's longtime nests in the Iron Triangle 20 miles north of Saigon—razing villages and transplanting their civilian populations, bulldozing and burning away houses, fruit trees, rubber plantations, rice granaries and tropical thicket. In its largest operation of the war, employing 16,000 in-

fantrymen, the U.S. was selectively applying a new strategy: a purposeful policy of scorched earth, not only to chase the enemy from his nests but to make those nests permanently uninhabitable.

Having already uncovered and blasted more than 500 Viet Cong tunnels in the Iron Triangle, U.S. soldiers last week snared the biggest nest of all: a vast underground city in Ho Bo woods on the triangle's western flank that almost surely housed the headquarters of the Viet Cong's Fourth Military Region, which includes Saigon. Heavily booby-trapped, it contained French and U.S. maps, diagrams of the hotels and billets that house Americans in Saigon, detailed plans for the Viet Cong suicide attack on Tan Son Nhut Airport last Dec. 4, typewriters, medical supplies, officers' sidearms and even a small cemetery. There were a few Viet Cong defenders left behind, and the G.I.s, equipped with silencer-mounted .38 pistols, pursued them through the labyrinth. After exploring the maze for 1,000 yds., the tunnel rats came up and turned the task over to units that pumped nausea gas through the system, then set about blasting it to dust.

**Shrinking Sanctuaries.** Once the Iron Triangle is thoroughly scorched and cleared of all civilians, it will be a free bombing zone, where anyone who moves in the 25-sq.-mi. area will automatically be fired on as a Viet Cong. But there will be little for the Viet Cong to go back to: if the U.S. has its way, even a crow flying across the triangle will have to carry lunch from now on. Moreover, the U.S. intends to spend much of 1967 scorching the enemy's earth all over Viet Nam. Next likely candidates are War Zone C, bordering on Cambodia and thought to conceal the Viet Cong's national headquarters; the U Minh "forest of darkness" in the delta; and Zone D just east of the Iron Triangle.

Zone D last week felt the first warm-up. Radar-controlled B-52 bombers came over in ten waves at 30,000 ft. to rain down fire on the triple-canopy jungle concealing enemy movements. They dropped magnesium incendiary bombs, which fell first in large clusters, then broke apart at 8,000 ft. and burst into flame as they plunged into a jungle already dried tinder-brown in places by chemical defoliants. For hours afterwards, dense smoke rolled 15,000 ft. into the air above yet another portion of the Viet Cong's rapidly shrinking sanctuaries.

## SOUTHEAST ASIA

### A Visit Down Under

Signing autographs, shaking hands, pinching babies' cheeks and chatting with admiring Aussie lassies in miniskirts, South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Cao Ky swept through a five-day visit to Australia last week like a politician campaigning for President. Back in Saigon some Vietnamese thought that

he was doing just that in preparation for his nation's return to civilian rule. But the jaunty Air Vice Marshal insisted that his trip was simply a thank you for Australia's 4,500-man contribution to the Allied forces fighting in Viet Nam. Whatever the reason, Ky and his beautiful wife Mai, 24, were clearly enjoying themselves.

Ky traveled 50 miles into the bush country to see the Royal Australian Army's Canungra jungle training center, watching Aussie "diggers" slated for Viet Nam thread an obstacle course known as "the horror stretch." On the firing range, a lieutenant offered him a burp gun, saying "Here, mate, have a go at it." "No, thank you," replied the premier, "I am in civilian clothes, so I don't shoot." Stopping at a small farm-

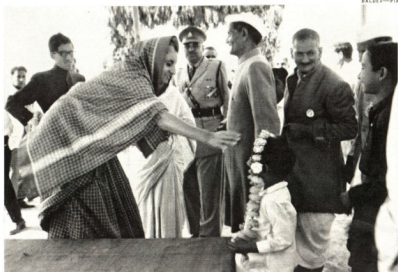


PREMIER KY & WIFE ARRIVING IN SYDNEY  
Shooting for a case of beer, and more.

ing community, he gave a little speech on the schoolhouse steps, then sought out the village's old man resting near by in the shade. "How old are you, sir?" he asked one grizzled rancher. "Eighty-four," came the answer. "Ah, the same age as my grandfather," said Ky beaming. "I salute you, sir."

**Secret Weapon.** Madame Ky, freshly round-eyed from plastic surgery in Tokyo (TIME, Dec. 23), got nearly as much attention as her husband. Aussie papers breathlessly reported each change of dazzling, multicolored *ao dai* that she wore, analyzed her hairdos and even printed enlargements of her shoes. The consensus: a stunner. Said Prime Minister Harold Holt: "Marshal Ky's strikingly beautiful wife is a secret weapon who has added to the tour's success."

A success it undeniably was, even though Australia's anti-war leftists had promised Ky the same sort of derisive demonstrations that they had inflicted on Lyndon Johnson last October. There was some trouble, notably in Brisbane, where some 700 pro- and anti-Ky dem-



INDIRA GANDHI GIVING GARLAND TO VILLAGE BOY  
Hoping the stump will bear fruit.

onstrators squared off with fists. There were taunting signs and other scattered protests along the way, including a group of chanting demonstrators in Sydney who burned Ky in effigy. But Ky's candor and charm largely disarmed his critics, especially among the press. When one newsman jibed at Ky's renowned skill with a pistol, the Premier coolly offered to set up a match: "We'll shoot for a case of Australian beer." A Communist reporter who disputed Ky's account of conditions in South Viet Nam was invited on a Ky-conducted tour of his nation, and quickly accepted.

"You have sent us your men in our hour of greatest need, you have given us help when we need it most," was Ky's message to Australians. This week he carries it to New Zealand for a five-day tour. Some time after that, he has made plain, he wants to bring the same message personally to the U.S.

## INDIA

### A Plea for the Tree

The slight, doe-eyed lady in the simple cotton sari finished her speech and stepped up to the bamboo barricades that held back the crowd. While thousands of brown hands danced in the air, she took from an aide the day's accumulation of garlands and tossed them to her listeners. Indira Gandhi was doing what she had so often watched Jawaharlal Nehru do in those years past when she had stumped with him across the length and breadth of India. This time, as she pressed her campaign for the national elections that will be held from Feb. 15 to Feb. 22, she was stumping hard to save her own political life after a year as India's Prime Minister.

Because they knew that she was their beloved Panditji's daughter, Indians by the thousands last week turned out to

greet her. Traveling mostly by auto, Indira went from one dusty village to another in the impoverished state of Uttar Pradesh, campaigned there in the electoral district in which she herself will stand for re-election to the Lok Sabha, the lower house of Parliament. Rarely speaking for more than ten minutes, she pleaded for support for the Congress Party. "Do not cut down a tree," she said, "when it is about to bear fruit."

The crowds received her message quietly. For them, the important thing was simply to gaze, almost reverently, on Indira. Villages built arches bearing signs of welcome. Crowds stopped her car, presented her with flowers and begged her to speak. Smiling, Indira responded with "Hail India!" in Hindi before her caravan passed on. In the next two weeks, she intends to keep up the pace; she will visit 15 of the country's 17 states.

**Party Problems.** Indira is running at such a fast pace because her party is in its deepest trouble since India won independence from Britain in 1947. Always an unwieldy conglomerate of everything from conservative businessmen to dreamy leftists, the Congress Party is suffering from an attack of electioneering defections. Fiery old Leftist Krishna Menon, India's onetime Defense Minister, has bolted the party after failing to win its nomination for Parliament from Bombay, is running as an independent. Key leaders in six other states have also broken with the party and taken their followers along with them. Worse yet, the rebels have somewhere to go. Two up-and-coming conservative parties—the Hindu Jana Sangh and the free-enterprising Swatantra—are welcoming Congress Party defectors.

Indira has had her own share of troubles since she succeeded the late Lal Bahadur Shastri one year ago. Her attempts to rejuvenate the country's stag-

nating economy by devaluing the overpriced rupee brought loud screams of protest from most of the nation's politicians. Though she has so far saved India from widespread famine by arranging for special shipments of U.S. grain, many Indian leftists denounced her for relying too heavily on the Americans for help. Her attempts to free the country from crippling state controls have brought charges that she is abandoning the socialism of her father in favor of capitalism.

**Ban the Butcher.** No other problem plagues Indira so badly as the agitation for a nationwide ban on cattle slaughter. Revered by Hindus, some 175 million cattle roam the country, competing for India's limited food supply and finally being sent to "convalescent homes" to die. The country's meat-eating Moslems, on the other hand, slaughter some 1,000,000 cattle each year. Nehru had no patience with the wastefulness of the Hindu reverence for cows but never dared to thin out the uneconomic herds. Indira has also been ambivalent about the matter, and the sadhus (Hindu holy men) felt that near election time they could manage to force her to grant their ban-the-butcher request.

Though Indira's responses to many of India's problems have often been weak, this time she did not cave in. She insisted that under the constitution the issue was one for the states to decide separately, but offered to set up a national panel to study the situation. But nothing has placated the Hindu extremists. Naked sadhus rampaged in the shadow of Parliament as part of the national "All Party Cow Protection Movement," and two holy men have vowed to fast to the death unless she bows to their demand. Last week, after two months of hunger, both men were very weak. When false rumors of the death of one began to circulate, angry Hindu mobs rioted in Hyderabad in southern India, stoning buses and the local Congress Party headquarters. Such violence, which will almost certainly spread if the sadhus die, can only end up helping the Jana Sangh and Swatantra parties, both of which strongly endorse an immediate national ban on cow slaughter.

**Differing Forecasts.** Despite these problems, Indira Gandhi expects the Congress Party to suffer only marginal losses, if any, at the polls. She is also confident that no one will be able to elbow her out of the prime ministry after the elections. But other Indians are less sanguine. Most forecasts predict that the Congress Party will lose control of three or four states to right-wing alliances and perhaps the state of Kerala to the Communists. The Congress Party is also expected to lose 80 or so of the 374 seats that it now holds in the 521-member lower house of Parliament. It would still be India's largest party by far, but no longer quite so all-powerful.

## GOA

### But Not Gone

Indians must have loved the gods; they made so many of them. Shanta Durgā is a ten-handed goddess revered by the 400,000 Hindus in the former Portuguese enclave of Goa. Bhavāni is a ten-handed goddess considered to be the source of all power in the neighboring Indian state of Maharashtra. Last week Bhavāni and Shanta Durgā tried to join hands. Carried by Hindu nationalists, images of the two goddesses were paraded through the streets of scores of Goan villages, together with posters proclaiming: "After 450 years, Bhavāni wills to be reunited with Shanta Durgā. Vote for merger."

The issue at hand was whether Goa, after 451 years of Portuguese rule and five years as a semiautonomous "union territory" of India, should give up its separate identity and become part of teeming Maharashtra state (pop. 39.5 million). The decision was to be made by Goan voters in an "opinion poll" conducted by the Indian government, and the two goddesses did not have the field entirely to themselves. Opposing the merger were the leaders of Goa's 250,000 Roman Catholics, a powerful force in themselves. "Think Goan," pleaded priests from their pulpits, while Catholic politicians of the United Goan Party handed out surplus American wheat to Goans who would swear on a coconut (the local equivalent of the Bible) to vote against merger.

Behind the purely religious battle lay factors less obvious but no less persuasive. Goan Catholics were fighting to hold on to the preferential status accorded them by the Portuguese and

RAGHUBIR SINGH-NANCY PALMER



VOTERS WITH SYMBOLIC BRANCHES IN GOA  
Not for the love of two goddesses.



ISRAELI TANKS ON MANEUVERS  
Prepared to harvest grain, or bullets.

continued by the Indian government after "union." Many Goan Hindus, on the other hand, have relatives in Maharashtra, and most speak a dialect of the Marathi language. But the determining question was whether Goa should cease to exist. In exchange for the territory's own legislature, established three years ago by New Delhi, all the pro-merger forces could offer were four seats in the Maharashtra state assembly, a pitiful representation.

Thus, despite the Hindus' numerical superiority, Goans rejected the merger with Maharashtra by a vote of 172,191 to 138,170. In the territorial capital of Panjim, the results were cheered by a crowd of 10,000, who danced in the streets carrying branches symbolic of victory, set off firecrackers, and created such a joyous disturbance that the government had to call in police with tear gas to restore order. Goa is not yet gone.

## ISRAEL

### A Poised Fist

In the foothills of Galilee, where Jesus once preached the glad tidings of redemption, Arab and Israeli gazed into each other's cannon. Both sides declared themselves willing to accept the proffered fist of the United Nations in resolving the border disputes that have grown in recent weeks to dangerous levels. For the Israelis, however, trust must equally reside in Israel's highly mechanized and vigorous army, without which the 19-year-old nation might long since have been pushed into the sea. Last week Premier Levi Eshkol came under heavy pressure at home to unleash his mailed fist in retaliation for what is interpreted in Jerusalem as nothing less than Syrian brinkmanship.

**Mobile Armor.** The Arabs well remember that the Israeli army rolled smartly over Egyptian forces on the

Sinai Peninsula in 1956 without even being fully mobilized. Though not given to formalities—"If the soldiers feel like saluting, they may if they want to," says one officer—the Israelis are superbly trained and motivated fighters. Israel can command some 250,000 men (v. Syria's 60,000) within 72 hours. Under Premier David Ben-Gurion, the nation decided that its security was best assured by armored units and paratroops capable of striking deep into enemy territory. The army is thus divided into three regional commands, and some of its officers believe that the northern command alone could sweep to Damascus in three days.

The Syrians enjoy a strategic edge because their bunkers are ensconced high in the escarpments overlooking the demilitarized zone. But the Israelis can strike hard at these redoubts from the air, flying in French supersonic Mirage bombers and Skyhawk attack planes recently bought in the U.S. During the Sinai drive, Israel relied on only a few squadrons of French Mystères for air protection. Now it has some 500 combat jets—four times as many as Syria. It can transport its troops in helicopters. It can roll up 160-mm. mortars and modified Shermans with 105-mm. guns so accurate that they knocked out three of Syria's Russian-made tanks across the border two weeks ago.

**Expecting the Worst.** Israel's defense forces are built to meet the worst possible combination that could be put against them, but no one expects a combined, integrated offensive by all its neighbors right now. Though Israel is far mightier than it was a decade ago at Sinai, Premier Eshkol still vows to investigate every avenue of diplomacy before striking another punitive blow against terrorism. At home, Eshkol is burdened with an economic recession and the highest rate of unemployment (9%) in more than a decade. In the

U.N., he has already been censured by the Security Council for Israel's raid on Samu in Jordan last November.

Yet many Israelis are eager to teach the Syrians a lesson. "How many 18-year-old Cohens have to be killed before the government activates our legitimate right to national self-defense?" cried Knesset Opposition Leader Menahem Beigin about a youth killed by a Syrian mine. Both Israel and Syria last week accepted U.N. Secretary-General U. Thant's plea for talks on farming rights within the demilitarized zone, but the Israelis are skeptical. They believe that Syria is intent only on challenging Israel's territorial rights.

Around the disputed zone itself, the planting season has come to the hills of Galilee. The farmers, whose chief politics is the soil, will once more move out

been agreed on by his successor, Lieut. Colonel Yakubu Gowon, and Eastern Military Governor Odumegwu Ojukwu, an Ibo and the second most powerful man in Nigeria. At a retreat near Accra in Ghana—it was their first meeting since Gowon's July 29 coup—the Nigerian chiefs earlier this month agreed to start mending the broken fabric of national unity with a week of mourning. For two days, the whole nation flew its flags half-mast for Ironsi. For the next three—in the North and West at least—there was mourning for ex-Prime Minister Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, the Northern Moslem who was killed when Ironsi carried off his coup a year ago.

**Safely Home.** When Governor Ojukwu returned to his capital of Enugu, he climbed into a car and rode triumphantly through the streets—principally to

on schedule, partly by hiring white engineers.

**Suspended Animation.** The Hausa majority in the North seems glad to be rid of the "uppity" Ibos, who held many of the best jobs. The Ibos, in turn, are content to enjoy as much autonomy as possible in their Eastern state, have even set up "customs and immigration" checks at their borders. Gowon walks softly, promising a constitution that will prevent any one tribe from dominating the others. He has warned, though, that his tact is not to be interpreted as weakness, that "the country must be preserved as one entity," and that he can still mobilize enough military force to quell any outright secession. For the near future, Nigeria seems condemned to a kind of tribal *apartheid*.



SUPREME COMMANDER GOWON



IBO GOVERNOR OJUKWU

One of the concessions was a corpse.

under the guns—the Israelis in their armor-plated tractors—to sow their crops in the 19-sq.-mi. disputed sector. Whether they will reap a harvest of bullets or grain depends upon how eager both sides are to avoid extending the hostilities.

## NIGERIA

### Preserving Unity

#### By Staying Apart

With full military honors, Major General Aguiyi Ironsi was buried last week—for the third time. Though it had never been confirmed by the government, everyone in Nigeria knew that Ironsi, an Ibo tribesman and an Easterner, was shot to death six months ago by Northern army officers who toppled him in a coup. Ironsi's executioners first buried him in a shallow roadside grave, and then in a cemetery in the Western city of Ibadan. The decision to exhume Ironsi's remains and fly them East for burial in his home town of Imuiahia Ibeke was a symbolic gesture in a campaign of national reconciliation.

Ironsi's reinterment was only one of the delicate matters that have lately

show the skeptical Ibos that he had not been murdered. "This is the first realistic step taken in solving our problems," he commented, urging his tribesmen to accept the loss of Ironsi as "one more sacrifice for the good of Nigeria." The exultant tone was justified for Ojukwu brought home some significant concessions from Gowon. Gowon agreed to split the nation's army into four parts, each recruited in its own area and under the command of the regional military governor. He also pledged \$28 million for the rehabilitation of refugees who fled from the North to the East because of recent massacres of Ibo tribesmen.

The concessions are typical of the patient moderation that Gowon, 31, has pursued. He prevented violence by not forcing union on the resentful Ibos. Despite a drop in foreign investment in Nigeria, he has kept the economy growing: exports exceeded imports by a record \$82 million in the first nine months of 1966, and a predicted decline in employment never came. Nigeria's efficient, British-trained bureaucracy still provides most government services. And even though 6,000 Ibos quit their railroad jobs, Gowon has kept the freight trains

## CHILE

### Travel Ban

Chile's Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei and Castro-loving Marxist Salvador Allende were the best of friends until two years ago—when they both ran for the presidency. After a bitter campaign, Frei rolled up the biggest electoral plurality in his country's history (56%). Since then, the two have been the best of enemies. Last month Allende managed to win election as head of the Chilean Senate. Quietly, he organized a strong Senate opposition of Communists, socialists and middle-road radicals, all of whom had managed to stall most of Frei's legislative requests. Last week Allende savored his revenge and in the process made Chile the laughingstock of Latin America. Acting on an obscure 1833 law requiring congressional approval for all presidential trips abroad, the Senate voted to deny Frei permission to make his first state visit to Washington, scheduled for early February.

The vote, the first of its kind in Chilean history, hit Frei where it hurt most—in his foreign relations. He has been assiduously strengthening ties with both East and West. Two weeks ago, Chile signed \$55 million worth of credit and technical assistance agreements with Russia, making Chile Latin America's second-largest recipient of Soviet aid (after Cuba). On his trip to Washington, Frei was scheduled to have two meetings with President Johnson. Frei has been a prime organizer and spirit behind the hemisphere-wide summit conference scheduled for early April in Punta del Este, Uruguay, which Johnson plans to attend.

At week's end Frei refused to cancel the Washington trip; instead, he returned his original travel request to the Chamber of Deputies, where a majority vote would send it on to the Senate for a second try. By then, Frei hopes to persuade the opposition to reconsider. As part of the pressure he is applying, Frei sent to Congress a bill that would empower the President to dissolve Congress once during his six-year term and call new elections.





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## PEOPLE

The sins of the sons are visited upon the father, as West Germany's Foreign Minister Willy Brandt discovered two years ago, when young Peter Brandt put his signature on a Communist-front petition accusing the U.S. of atrocities in Viet Nam. This time Peter, 18, has teamed up with his young brother, **Lars Brandt**, 16, to play in a film version of Günter Grass's neo-Gothic novel, *Cat and Mouse*. The mousetrap is that Lars, as Joachim Mahlke, the adolescent hero of the story, appears in one scene wearing bathing trunks and twirling an Iron Cross, Germany's highest medal for bravery. Germans grumbled about the "tastelessness" of that little bit, as well as some explicitly sexual scenes, and the Interior Ministry, which granted a \$75,000 subsidy to help make the movie, threatened to recall its cash unless some scenes are cut.



LARS BRANDT  
*Sins of the sons.*

Well, drawled Spong, one of his first acts will be to end the piracy of U.S. music by Hong Kong publishers who don't pay royalties. So he's going to consult Hawaii's Senator Fong and Louisiana's Senator Long, and then the three of them will introduce the "Long-Fong-Spong-Hong-Kong Song Bill."

Her mode has never been especially mod. In fact, Britain's catty fashion press has sometimes accused **Princess Anne**, 16, of being somewhat dowdy. Now it seems that Anne has turned into a bit of a bird. On her way back to Benenden School in Kent after holidays, the princess showed up in Lon-



PRINCESS ANNE  
*Bit of a bird.*

They made a slightly unlikely pair of jet-set Bedouins. Novelist **Truman Capote**, 42, took the road to Morocco with his old pal Princess **Lee Radziwill**, 34, Jackie Kennedy's sister. Though Lee's husband, Prince Stanislas Radziwill, had to stay behind in London, she and Truman were off for a vacation that will last, as Truman announced in his adenoidal purr, "as long as the country is interesting." Settling briefly at the new Rabat Hilton, Truman explained: "I came because Lee was here twice last year and she was so enthused. Lee as usual is riding the horses, and I am having a good little doze."

The Women's National Press Club gathered in Washington to hear the U.S. Senate's seven freshman members recite political japeries. The froth were all droll, but the smash of the show was a sleeper: Virginia's deadpan Democrat **William Spong Jr.**, 46, who told the girls about some upcoming legislation.

don's Liverpool Street station wearing shiny black boots and a quasi-miniskirt cut three inches above the knee. Of course she still has a long way to escalate before raising any eyebrows in the Chelsea group, but all the same the Fleet Street headlines blared: "AT LAST, A REAL ROYAL FASHION SWINGER!"

Ever since Landlord Charles de Gaulle evicted NATO from France, General **Lyman Lemnitzer**, 67, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, has been househunting in the neighborhood of the new SHAPE headquarters now abuilding in Belgium. At last he settled on the Château Gendebien near the town of Mons. The château sits in a pleasant 30-acre parkland populated by pheasants and wild rabbits. Unfortunately, the house is pretty much in a state of nature, too. No one has lived there since 1959; five years ago, three vandals broke in and tore the place apart, smashing windows and yanking down chandeliers. It will take more than a year to renovate the shambles and install a few modern conveniences Mrs. Lemnitzer is likely to ask for. Unless, of course, she prefers to pump her own water in the kitchen.

Actually, argued Heavyweight Champion **Cassius Clay**, 25, fighting isn't very time-consuming. It takes up only 10% of his waking hours, leaving the other 90% free for his "ministering" as a Black Muslim parson. Trouble is, he can't seem to convert his Louisville draft board to the view that his religious vocation entitles him to an exemption. Nor should his claims to being a conscientious objector keep him from serving, the board ruled. Now training in Houston for his Feb. 6 bout with Ernie Terrell, the Greatest conscientiously objected, bawling: "We're gonna take this all the way up to the Supreme Court, man." It may not go that far, but as his lawyer filed yet another appeal, it began to be a question of which would overtake Ali first—the draft or old age.

Chicago Criminal Court Judge Maurice Lee was getting nothing but moot replies in Spanish from two Puerto Rican complainants in a disorderly-conduct case. Was there an interpreter in the house? Up stepped **Danny Escobedo**, 29 (TIME Cover, April 29), who has been kindly disposed toward the law ever since 1964's Supreme Court decision in *Escobedo v. Illinois*, voiding his murder confession on grounds that he was denied his rights to counsel. Since his parents are Mexican, Escobedo was sworn in as an interpreter and translated the Puerto Ricans' side of the case. A few minutes later, Danny was before the court himself, and the judge dismissed a disorderly-conduct charge stemming from a street brawl last March. That still left Danny with a problem: robbery charges involving a restaurant heist last November.

# SPORT

## PRO FOOTBALL

### And Still Champions

"They didn't keep the time right," said Owner Lamar Hunt of the Kansas City Chiefs. "The first half didn't run long enough, and the second half ran too long." Looking back, it is easy to understand why Hunt wished he had been manning the stop watch at last week's Super Bowl game between the A.F.L. champion Chiefs and the N.F.L. champion Green Bay Packers.

The Chiefs came storming out in the first half with their scalping knives flashing. They lined up in weird formations, blitzed wildly on defense, caught Green Bay's own defenders napping with "play action" passes that looked at first glance like handoffs into the line. Green Bay scored two touchdowns, but one of them was a fluke—a twice-deflected pass that Packer Flanker Max McGee somehow managed to catch one-handed, behind his back. The Chiefs outgained the Packers by 181 yds. to 164 yds., out-first-downed them by 11-9. Twice they tackled Green Bay Quarterback Bart Starr for losses when he faded back to pass. They scored a touchdown and a field goal of their own. And at half time they trooped off the field trailing by only four points, 14-10.

**College Stuff.** As far as the Packers are concerned, a first half is just a patrol action. Contact the enemy, draw his fire, test his strengths, probe his weaknesses. In the locker room at half time, Coach Vince Lombardi wasted no time on pep talks. "Stop grabbing and start tackling," he growled, and then he got down to specifics. Fact One: the Chiefs, on the average, were younger, bigger and probably stronger than the Packers—whose ground game had not been much to brag about all year, anyhow. That led naturally to Fact Two: Packer Quarterback Bart Starr, who completed 62% of his passes during the regular

season, was the No. 1 passer in pro football. So Green Bay was going to the air. Fact Three: the Chiefs' cornerbacks on defense were vulnerable; they were "gambling," trying to cover Green Bay's wide receivers too tightly—mostly because they were forced into single man-on-man coverage by the blitzing tactics of the Kansas City linebackers. Fact Four: Kansas City's own "play action" passes were "college stuff" that could be countered by crashing a linebacker now and then—to hit Chiefs Quarterback Len Dawson before he could complete his fake and set up to throw.

Out for the second half came the Packers, the ultimate professionals, cool, competent, computerized—and more than a little mad. When Lenny Dawson tried to pass, he found himself staring at three onrushing Green Bay defenders—and threw the ball away, straight into the arms of Packer Safetyman Willie Wood, who ran it all the way back to the Kansas City five.

"That was the key play," Dawson said later. "I should never have thrown the ball." Considering the way the Packers methodically carried out Lombardi's instructions, the Chiefs should never even have come back to the field. Not once in the second half did they get past Green Bay's 45-yd. line—while Starr picked Kansas City's defense apart. Throwing mostly to Flanker McGee, a 34-year-old veteran who caught only four passes during the regular season but wound up with seven completions and two touchdowns last week, Starr hit 16 out of 23 attempts for 250 yds. Things were tough on the ground, too. Chiefs Cornerback Fred Williamson, who had bragged about what he was going to do to Packer ball carriers with his "hammer blow"—a kind of karate chop—was curiously quiet after he was knocked cold trying to tackle Halfback Donny Anderson with three minutes left on the clock. At the end it was the

Packers 35-10, and only mathematicians would have been interested if it had gone on any longer.

**All Right, O.K., You Win.** Richer by \$15,000 per man, the Packers were inclined to be gracious toward the Chiefs—who pocketed their losers' shares of \$7,500 and promised to do better next time. "They're a real tough team," said Coach Lombardi. But that was not what the sportswriters came to hear. Crowding close, they badgered him until he blurted: "All right, Kansas City doesn't compare with the top teams in the National Football League. That's what you wanted me to say—and now I've said it." A.F.L. supporters were too chastened to say "wait till next year," but they might say "wait a few years." The whole American Football League, after all, has been in existence for only seven seasons—while the Packers have been playing in the N.F.L. since 1921.

## YACHTING

### Nothing Like a Dame?

Designing a faster twelve-meter America's Cup yacht is a little like trying to improve on a perfect circle. The twelve-meter formula is so old and so restrictive that reports of "major breakthroughs" in design usually turn out to involve a new shape for the transom, say, or a mast that is stepped an inch fore or aft of usual. But Warwick Hood, the Down Under architect who designed Australia's new America's Cup challenger *Dame Pattie*, insists that he actually has hit on something new. And maybe he has. So far in the shakedown trials off Sydney, *Dame Pattie* has trounced *Gretel*, the 1962 Aussie challenger—and the only foreign twelve-meter ever to beat a U.S. defender in an America's Cup race—so badly that onlookers have been wondering where Hood hid the engine.

Their first formal encounter came three weeks ago over a 24-mile Olympic-style course, in seas so heavy that spectator boats turned back. An old hand at match racing (he was *Gretel's*



GREEN BAY'S STARR PASSING AGAINST KANSAS CITY  
Pure is as professional does.



"DAME PATTIE" DISMASTED  
The shakedown shook them up.

helmsman in 1962), *Dame Pattie's* Skipper Jock Sturrock caught *Gretel* going the wrong way at the start and gradually widened the gap to 1 min. 54 sec.—mostly during the beats to windward, in which *Gretel* hobbyhorsed badly while *Dame Pattie* slid smoothly through the crashing swells. It was the second race, in smooth seas and light winds, that certified *Dame Pattie* as a "flyer." Once again, Sturrock beat *Gretel's* skipper, Archie Robertson, to the start. By the first mark, *Dame Pattie* was 2 min. 22 sec. in the lead; at the end, her margin was a staggering 8 min. 40 sec.

When the first reports and photos came in from Down Under, U.S. naval architects discounted the idea of anything radical in *Dame Pattie*—except for a rudder that is wider at the head than at the heel. "Her deck plan is almost an exact reproduction of the *Constellation's*"—the U.S. boat that won the America's Cup in 1964—said Olin Stephens, who designed *Constellation* and the newest U.S. twelve-meter, *Inrepid*. But Stephens had second thoughts. "I wish I could see," he said, "what makes *Pattie* so fast."

Hood, of course, wasn't telling—although he was already talking about building still another boat that would "carry my design theories to the ultimate, and be minutes faster than *Dame Pattie*." But that would probably have to wait until after next summer's America's Cup races off Rhode Island. In the meantime, Hood is concentrating on more current projects—like trying to figure out why *Dame Pattie's* mast keeps snapping off. In a race against *Gretel* two weeks ago, *Dame Pattie* was leading by 5 min., only 250 yds. from the finish line, when her mast collapsed. Maybe she is just too fast for her own good.

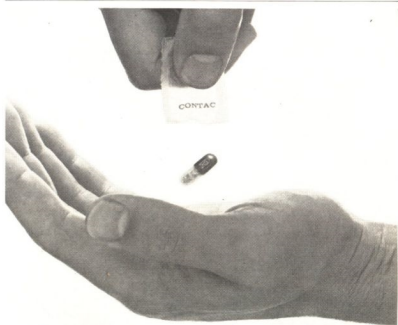
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## THE LAW

### TRIALS

#### Bailey & the Boston Strangler

In the cases of Drs. Samuel Sheppard and Carl Coppelino, Criminal Lawyer F. Lee Bailey sought to create so much doubt about the guilt of his clients that the juries could only find them innocent. In the case of Albert DeSalvo that ended last week in Boston, Bailey chose a completely opposite strategy. He set out to convince the jury that his client was the notorious Boston Strangler, and so guilty that he must be insane.

Bailey laid his plans carefully. DeSalvo was not charged with murder: there had never been enough admissible evidence to support such an indictment. What he was charged with were armed robbery and sex crimes arising from assaults on four women, all of whom lived to testify against him. Before the trial, Bailey invited a Massachusetts assistant attorney general named John Bottomly to see DeSalvo in a mental hospital. There, DeSalvo tape-recorded confessions to the Boston Strangler murders, complete with so much detail that there could be little doubt that he had actually committed them. But before Bailey would allow his client to speak, Bottomly was made to agree that the confession would not be used against DeSalvo. What Bottomly was getting was the opportunity to close one of the most sensational murder investigations in Massachusetts history. What Bailey was getting in return was a substantiated record of a grisly series of murders. Having that, he then planned to call psychiatrists to cite the murders as evidence of DeSalvo's insanity. With his strategy so neatly prepared, Bailey almost casually agreed to the twelve men who were chosen for the jury. Said he blandly: "The case is so strong, I don't care about the jury."

**Unnatural Acts.** His confidence continued as the trial got under way. He virtually conceded the facts of the case to the prosecution and then put his psychiatrists on the stand to testify that DeSalvo was insane. They recounted tales of DeSalvo's childhood with a sadistic father and an indifferent mother. They told of DeSalvo's own sadism, of his cruelty to animals, of his witnessing unnatural sex acts within his own family. By the time DeSalvo was an adult, said the defense, "there had developed one of the most crushing sexual drives that psychiatric science has ever encountered." Between 1962 and 1964, the drive erupted into the 13 sex murders that terrified the Boston area. DeSalvo was a violent schizophrenic, said the defense experts, and he was unquestionably insane.

Donald Conn, the state's prosecuting attorney (and coincidentally, a classmate of Bailey's at Boston University Law School), admitted that DeSalvo

unquestionably was a sick man, but he and the prosecution psychiatrists launched a strong rebuttal to the defense contention that DeSalvo was "a completely uncontrollable vegetable walking around in a human body." The traditional Massachusetts rule for legal insanity holds that a defendant is sane unless he is unable to tell right from wrong or is governed by irresistible impulse. Both sides conceded that DeSalvo knew that what he was doing was wrong, and the prosecution relentlessly hammered away at the fact that he had taken such thoughtful precautionary



DeSALVO AT TRIAL  
Not exactly a vegetable.

measures as wearing gloves. That, argued Conn, was hardly the act of a man driven by an impulse.

After deliberating less than four hours, the jury found DeSalvo sane and guilty on all counts. For all his earlier confidence, Bailey seemed only momentarily disappointed and quickly announced his intention of appealing. He considers the Massachusetts insanity test archaic and hopes the state's Supreme Judicial Court will take the opportunity to bring it into line with less restrictive tests now applied in a number of state and federal courts. Said Bailey: "I am glad to get a shot at that foolish law."

As for DeSalvo, the outcome made little difference to him. He seems to behave best in a rigorously structured environment, and he has repeatedly said he did not want to be freed anyway. Now, instead of being confined to a mental institution, he has been sentenced to life in prison. Though psychiatrists doubted he could ever have been made well enough to leave an asylum, he will be eligible in theory for prison parole in 26 years.

### The Credible Psychopath

When Gunman Dana Nash was tried in 1962 for killing a Chicago union official, the key witness against him was his nephew, William Triplett, who had helped him commit the murder. Nash knew that a prison psychiatrist had once diagnosed his nephew as "a true psychopath." To impeach Triplett's credibility, Nash asked the trial judge to order a psychiatric examination. The judge refused. After Nash received a sentence of 99 to 150 years, he appealed on the ground, among others, of this alleged error. By definition, he argued, a psychopath is a liar and "unworthy of belief."

Not so, the Illinois Supreme Court has just ruled. The only issue is whether a witness is truthful. To be sure, said the court, the trial judge in the Alger Hiss case set an important precedent by permitting psychiatric testimony impeaching the credibility of Government Witness Whittaker Chambers. But that step is not necessary in all cases. "A psychopath," said the court, "has the capacity to observe, recollect and communicate, and is therefore a competent witness." If he is a liar, witnesses can testify that he has "a bad reputation for truth and veracity." After that, it is up to the jury to decide whether he actually lied on the witness stand or not.

### THE SUPREME COURT

#### Extending the Fifth

Many a local, state and federal employee is faced with dismissal if he refuses to testify in an investigation that concerns the performance of his job. But what of the Fifth Amendment guarantee against involuntary self-incrimination? Would it not be violated if the testimony were used in a criminal prosecution against the employee? Last week the Supreme Court said yes.

Five New Jersey policemen had been convicted of fixing traffic tickets, partly on the basis of their own testimony. But, said the court, their statements "were infected by the coercion inherent in the threat of being fired. Therefore, 'confessions obtained under threat of removal from office' are inadmissible in criminal trials."

Having gone that far, the court then proceeded to go another step farther. In a related decision, it held that Brooklyn Lawyer Samuel Spevack could not be disbarred for having exercised his right to be silent in an ambulance-chasing investigation. Did all this mean that public employees under investigation could henceforth keep quiet without risking their jobs? Not quite. Though he was part of the one-vote majority in both cases, Justice Abe Fortas took pains to point out in a concurring Spevack opinion that a lawyer is not an employee of the state and therefore has no responsibilities to it other than that of fulfilling licensing requirements. "I





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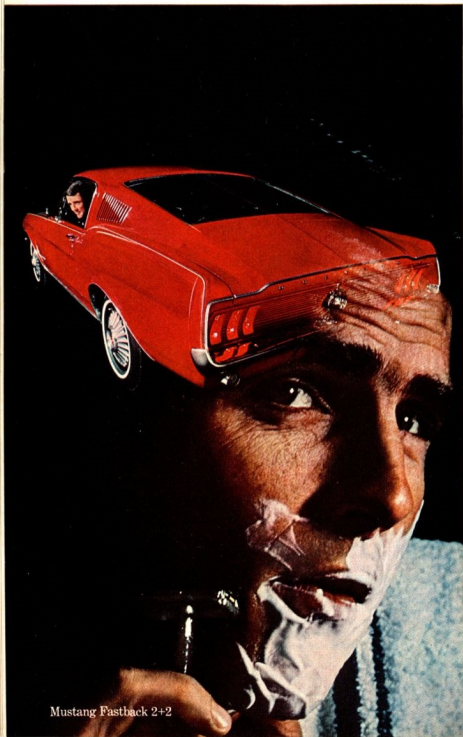
But chemicals are only part of our stock in trade. We're also big—and growing steadily—in oil, natural gas pipelining, and packaging. All together, an industrial complex of nearly 3 billion dollars.

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Mustang...Thunderbird...and the new Mercury Cougar. When you see 'em, you'll recognize you. Drive one and they'll say: "That's *him!*" Look...you've worked hard...isn't it about time you had a car? The Motor Company. After all, we've been doing it for years. Meeting you more'n half way with cars li



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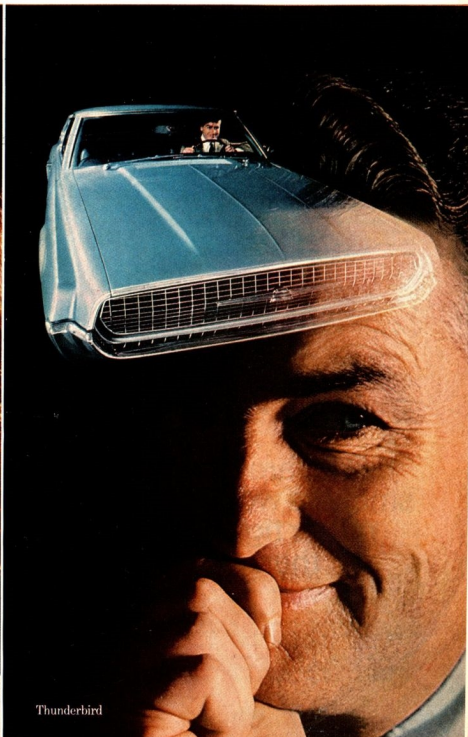
Mercury Cougar

# are 1/2 car... 1/2 you.



...has a better idea

self in one of them. Slide behind the wheel and you'll say: "This is *me!*"  
something to call your very own? Who would you see? Us, maybe. Ford  
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Thunderbird

# What gives Tareyton the taste worth fighting for?



The charcoal tip.

It actually improves the taste of Tareyton's fine tobacco. So much, that Tareyton is America's #1 charcoal tip cigarette.

**"Us Tareyton  
smokers would  
rather fight  
than switch!"**



would distinguish," he wrote, "between a lawyer's right to remain silent and that of a public employee who is asked questions specifically, directly, and narrowly relating to the performance of his official duties."

## LAW SCHOOLS

### Courtroom Classrooms

More than 75% of U.S. law school graduates are unready for practice, says Supreme Court Justice William Brennan. They leave school without having confronted "one live man or woman who is immediately in need of legal advice." Most of them know too little about criminal law, to say nothing of trying a case. Yet every indigent U.S. felony defendant is now entitled to free counsel; the Government aims to furnish free legal advice in slums, and the whole country needs able young trial lawyers.

One answer is to get law students out of the classroom and into the courtroom. Another is to lengthen legal education. Law graduates can find a rich combination of the two at Georgetown University Law School in Washington, D.C. Located in a seedy downtown area far from its Jesuit-run parent campus, the 1,300-student law school (only 46% Catholic) is a few blocks from city and federal courts, and a ten-minute walk from the Supreme Court. The area is a virtually ideal crime laboratory, and the school has made the most of its opportunities. Georgetown now boasts what U.S. Judge J. Skelly Wright calls "probably the most systematic and thorough training in trial advocacy offered anywhere in the country."

**Learning from Bondsmen.** In 1960, Georgetown launched the E. Barrett Prettyman Fellowships (named for an

alumnus U.S. judge), which annually pay up to eleven graduate students an average \$7,000, plus fees and tuition, to spend a year defending indigents. So far, the fellows have defended almost 2,500 clients, thus learning trial law while earning master's degrees and providing needed representation in the process.

With the Ford Foundation paying the tab, Prettyman Fellows first spend two months studying some 600 cases, holding mock trials and visiting police stations. They get advice from judges, psychiatrists, even bail bondsmen. By mid-year, a typical Prettyman fellow is handling no fewer than five misdemeanor cases, ten felonies, a couple of appeals and a constant series of preliminary hearings—all the while attending night classes at Georgetown and writing research papers.

As one result of their criminal work, the 1964 group produced a new standard manual on federal trial tactics. As another, the fellows have won several important rulings, adding to the protection of criminal defendants. Moreover, the program has just been expanded to two years, adding such civil-law matters as tenants' rights.

Nearly all Prettyman graduates feel duty bound to spend at least a couple of years carrying on with such public service; about half seem committed to it permanently. As one student put it: "I came here interested in corporate practice and good living. I've been made to feel guilty unless I'm defending an indigent."

## LITIGATION

### Après-Ski Legality

The rules of the road for cars, boats and planes were once informal and relaxed. But increased use of the vehicles eventually made it necessary to amend and incorporate them into formal sets of statutes. The same thing seems in store for skiing. So many people are now getting around on skis that they are running into each other as well as less animate objects at alarming rates. The first thing they want to know as soon as they are in traction is whom to sue, and how.

So far the answer has had to be based on precedent. Ever since *Wright v. Mt. Mansfield Lift, Inc.* in Vermont 16 years ago, it has been held that the skier assumes certain obvious risks when he starts down a slope. If he is unfortunate enough to run smack into a stump or a buried fence, it is usually considered not to be the fault of the stump or the stump's owners. Conversely, when a skier is heading uphill on a lift, the lift owner is usually liable for any injury suffered because of mechanical collapse or breakdown unless the injured party was guilty of contributory negligence such as, say, bouncing around in the seat or leaning out to ogle a passing ski bunny. There is little precedent, how-



TRAFFIC JAM ON VERMONT SLOPE

Watch out for the hit and schuss.

ever, when it comes to skiers knocking into each other.

**No Rules.** There have been few such cases. *Easter v. Segelbaum*, decided in Washington state, is typical. Easter, who had been standing in a tow line, successfully recovered damages from Segelbaum, who had come whizzing off the end of the trail, slicing one of Easter's left leg tendons. But most collisions result in no suit, in part because no rule clearly spells out who is to blame. In Europe, where skiing ranks right behind traffic and industry as the leading everyday accident hazard, the problem is more serious.

Three weeks ago, a pretty German became the first known hit-and-run skier to be arrested. Skiing down an Austrian Alp, she had crashed into another girl, jabbing a ski pole through her cheek, and then disentangled herself to *schuss* merrily on down without so much as a word. But because no law covers the situation precisely, it is uncertain just what will happen to the offender.

A meeting of European skier-lawyers last year attempted to make a start at dealing with the situation, and similar meetings are planned this April. Many are opposed to a binding code. "It would ruin the sport," moans Paul Maschke, a lawyer, and president of the Radstadt Ski Club. "They would soon be issuing skiing licenses the same as drivers' licenses." But if the growing popularity of skiing continues to increase the population on any incline with snow, the view of another Austrian lawyer, Dr. Karl Homann, is likely to pack more weight. "Rules are not enough," he says. "You need laws to stop careless skiing. The sport may have risks, but having to bear the carelessness of another is unfair."



GEORGETOWN STUDENTS & CLIENTS IN D.C. JAIL  
Seeds of hope from a seedy area.





I run a company called Transamerica.

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If we'd wanted to be known as an airline, we'd have bought one.

John R. Beckett  
President  
Transamerica Corp.

## SCIENCE

### ECOLOGY

#### Menace in the Skies

[See Cover]

On the morning of Oct. 26, 1948, at Donora, Pa., the skies delivered a deadly warning that man had poisoned them beyond endurance.

As workers trudged to their jobs, a heavy fog blanketed the bleak and grimy town. It hung suspended in the stagnant air while local businesses—steel mills, a wire factory, zinc and coke plants—continued to spew waste gases, zinc fumes, coal smoke and fly ash into

gists concluded that it had been triggered by a temperature inversion, an atmospheric phenomenon that prevents normal circulation of air. Ordinarily, warm air rises from the earth into the colder regions above, carrying much of man's pollution with it. Occasionally, a layer of warmer air forms above cooler air near the ground; the inversion acts as a lid, preventing the pollutants at lower altitudes from rising and dispersing. Inversions are no novelty, but what happened at Donora shocked public-health officials into an awareness that such layers pose a dead-

KEystone



CHANGING OF THE GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE DURING 1952 SMOG  
*Abrade, corrode, tarnish, soil, erode, crack, weaken and kill.*

the lowering darkness. The atmosphere thickened. Grime began to fall out of the smog, covering homes, sidewalks and streets with a black coating in which pedestrians and automobiles left distinct footprints and tire tracks. Within 48 hours, visibility had become so bad that residents had difficulty finding their way home.

Donora's doctors were soon besieged by coughing, wheezing patients complaining of shortness of breath, running noses, smarting eyes, sore throats and nausea. During the next four days, before a heavy rain washed away the menacing shroud, 5,910 of the town's 14,000 residents became ill. Twenty persons—and an assortment of dogs, cats and canaries—died.

Investigating the tragedy, meteorolo-

gy threat to an increasingly industrialized and pollutant-producing society.

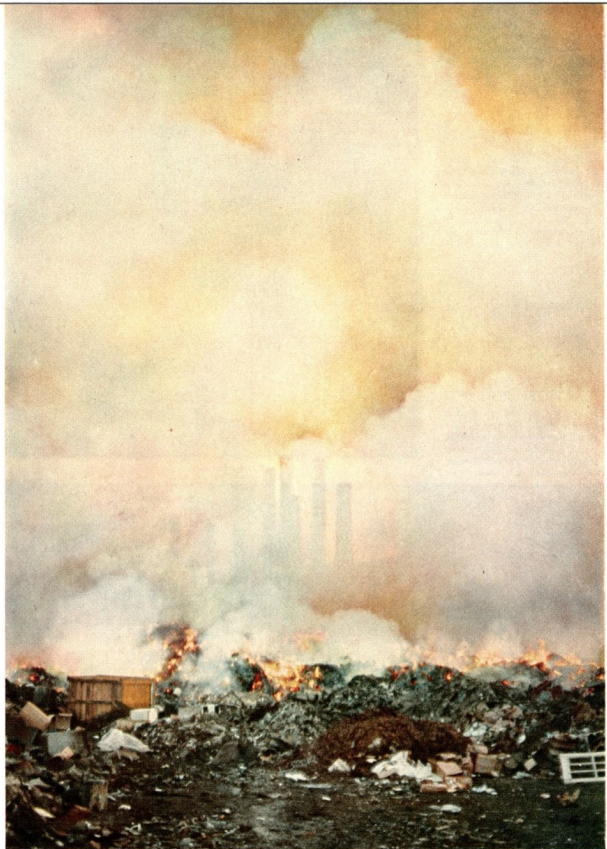
**Sulky Sun.** On Dec. 5, 1952, a thick fog began to roll over London. Hardly anyone paid any attention at first in a city long used to "pea-soupers." But this fog was pinned down by a temperature inversion, and was steadily thickened by the soot and smoke of the coal-burning city. Within three days, the air was so black that Londoners could see no more than a yard ahead. Drivers were forced to leave cars and buses to peer closely at street signs to find out where they were. Policemen strapped on respiratory masks. The Manchester Guardian reported that London's mid-day sun "hung sulkily in the dirty sky with no more radiance than an unlit Chinese lantern."

Hospitals were soon filled with patients suffering from acute respiratory diseases; deaths in the city mounted. The British Committee on Air Pollution finally estimated that during the five days that the smog smothered London, there were 4,000 more deaths than would have occurred under normal circumstances. During the next two months, there were another 8,000 excess deaths—most of them apparently caused by respiratory disease—that scientists suspected were a direct result of the killer smog.

Extreme air pollution again darkened London in 1956, killing 1,000, and in 1962, claiming more than 300 lives. In 1953, a ten-day temperature inversion over New York City trapped so much air pollution that 200 excess deaths were attributed to the smog by Dr. Leonard Greenburg, then New York's commissioner of air pollution. Another New York smog in 1963 killed more than 400, and there were 80 excess deaths recorded in New York during a four-day siege over the last Thanksgiving Day weekend. Scientists suspect that thousands of deaths each year in cities all over the world can be linked to air pollution. Says U.S. Assistant Surgeon General Dr. Richard Prindle: "It's already happening. Deaths are occurring now. We already have episodes in which pollution kills people. And as we build up, we're going to have an increasing frequency of episodes."

**"Take a Deep Breath."** Such warnings, added to the widely publicized New York and Los Angeles air-pollution alerts and open bickering between politicians and industry over pollution controls, have made the U.S. suddenly aware that smog is a real and present danger. The belching smokestacks that long symbolized prosperity have now become a source of irritation; the foul air that had come to be accepted as an inevitable part of city living has suddenly become intolerable. "Tomorrow morning when you get up," reads a recent magazine ad placed by New York's Citizens for Clean Air, Inc., "take a nice deep breath. It'll make you feel rotten." Indeed, as the adjoining color pages show, the U.S. city dweller had only to look at his skyline last week to see the startling and ominous inroads that smog has made.

Air pollution has become a worldwide preoccupation. Some 230 miles southwest of Tokyo, for example, school yards in the port city of Yokkaichi are filled with children running and playing games. But their shouts and laughter are muffled by yellow masks impregnated with chemicals to protect them against air polluted by nearby petrochemical plants. In Tokyo, where smog warnings were issued on 154 days last year, policemen in ten heavily polluted districts return to the station house to breathe pure oxygen after each half-hour stint on traffic duty in order to counteract the effects of



DON CARL STEFFEN

## WASHINGTON, D.C.

Only five miles from the White House, a holocaust of smoke and grime is sent up by open-air burning at Kenilworth garbage dump, operated by the District of Columbia on land owned by the National Park Service. Stacks in back belong to a Potomac Electric Power Co. generating plant.



## NEW YORK

Manhattan at sunset, seen from Riker's Island in East River, seems wrapped in a fiery fog. At right are stacks of Con Edison Company's Ravenswood plant, which manufactures power for all parts of city. To left, company's Waterside plant. In the center, the U.N. Building.



2. ALEX LANGLEY

## PITTSBURGH

Though it is credited with a good cleanup record, Allegheny County still has formidable problems, as shown in this morning view of U.S. Steel's Clairton Works, looking east to Monongahela River.



LAURENCE LOWMY



#### BALTIMORE

Pungent clouds of smoke climb skyward at noon from just one of hundreds of industrial plants in the area near Patapsco River.

WALTER BENNETT



ART SHAY



## CHICAGO

Mist and smoke, much of it blown in from the steel mills and other heavy industrial centers of nearby Gary and Hammond, Ind., shroud the Loop and most of the spec-

tacular skyline on Sunday morning. Aerial photo shows city as seen from its southwest side, looking out across office buildings and apartments near Lake Michigan.

JOHN GENDT



### ST. LOUIS

While the Gateway Arch is blurred, the city's south side is even more thickly souped in at 3:30 p.m. by smog that comes from car exhausts and fumes from industry on Mississippi's banks.

### DETROIT

On the Detroit River, a cumulus of white and orange—containing iron oxide—rises from Great Lakes Steel plant into morning sky. In rear, other concentrations of industry add to haze.



J. EDWARD BAILEY





### ODESSA, TEXAS

Fat, black billows hover over plant of Sid Richardson Carbon Co., which runs seven days a week. Though factory is located ten miles west of Odessa, part of the dense smoke still drifts into city.



### BIRMINGHAM

The South's biggest steel producer, Birmingham pays a price in pollution for its distinction. This picture was taken on Sunday afternoon, when plant exhausts are one-third less than usual.

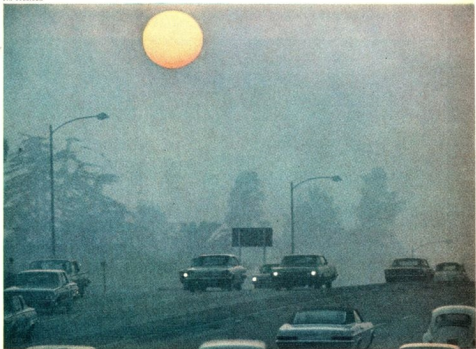
### HOUSTON

Its sides lined with 125 plants—paper, → fertilizers, chemicals, cement—Houston Ship Channel, shown here at midmorning, is a prime source of both wealth and grime for Southwest's richest city.



BERT BRANDT

JIM COLLISON



## LOS ANGELES

Riding along Wilshire Boulevard at 4:30 p.m., with the sun looking more like the moon,

drivers need headlights in order to pick their way through the midafternoon smudge.

BERT BRANDT



EARL (HUSAKI)



#### HAYDEN, ARIZ.

Not even the widest-open spaces of the U.S. West are left untouched. At 10:30 a.m. in the foothills of the Pinal Mountains, inversion layers of sulphur-dioxide

fumes unfurl from smelters operated by Kennecott Copper. Winds will push much of this large trail of smoke across the desert to Phoenix, 80 miles to the northwest.

breathing excessive amounts of carbon monoxide.

"Sitting on the hill of Lycabettus, overlooking the valley of Athens," writes Greek City Planner Constantinos A. Doxiadis, "I can see early Monday morning the first dark clouds building in the lower part of the valley, where the industries are. It grows, it covers the middle and lower parts of the city. Gradually it reaches the eastern part, and by expanding in height it covers the rock of the Acropolis and the Parthenon. By then everybody in the city of Athens has had to breathe the polluted air."

Authorities in the German state of North Rhine-Westphalia are so concerned about the dangers of smog in 15 Ruhr districts that they have posted warning signs that will bar traffic from roads in the event that air pollution becomes extreme. And out in space last September, after other astronauts had repeatedly failed to photograph Houston because of the dense brown disk of smog that usually hangs above it, Gemini 11 Command Pilot Pete Conrad finally shot a picture of the city on one of its better days. Discussing the photograph after his return to earth, Conrad pointed to the reduced but ever present pall over the city. "Notice the air pollution drifting out there," he said, "in case anybody thinks we don't have it."

Smog disintegrates nylon stockings in Chicago and Los Angeles, eats away historic stone statues and buildings in Venice and Cologne. Rapidly industrializing Denver, which for many years boasted of its crystalline air, is now often smogbound. In Whiting, Ind., a concentration of fog and pollution from an oil refinery produced a chemical mist that one night last year stripped paint from houses, turned others rusty orange, and left streets and sidewalks covered with a greenish film.

**Pollution's First Victim.** Air pollution, commonly thought to be a result of the industrial revolution, actually preceded man himself. Nature has long contaminated the air with sand and dust storms, with forest fires and volcanic eruptions that spew tons of particles and gases into the atmosphere. When Krakatoa, a volcano in the East Indies, blew up in 1883, the debris and dust it hurled into the air spread around the globe, darkening daytime skies for hundreds of miles. Krakatoa dust, suspended in the atmosphere, produced spectacularly rusty sunsets and sunrises the world over for months after the blast.

Nature even produces its equivalent of smog. Over large fir forests, there is a continuous bluish haze produced by terpenes—volatile hydrocarbons that are emitted by the trees. Decaying animal and vegetable matter give off gases. Flowers saturate the nearby air with pollen that causes such allergic reactions as hay fever in man. It was natural air pollution rather than the man-made kind that claimed the man who is probably

the first recorded human victim; Pliny the Elder died in 79 A.D. after breathing in an overdose of sulphur oxides emanating from erupting Vesuvius.

Once man mastered fire, however, he was superbly equipped to surpass nature's contribution to air pollution. The burning process—combustion—powers most transportation in the U.S., plays a vital role in its manufacturing, generates electric power, heats homes and buildings, and consumes much of its refuse. But this year it will also pour 140 million tons of pollutants into the air. And as population, industrial production, number of automobiles, and other indices of U.S. prosperity increase, the upward flow of contaminants will increase correspondingly.

**Colorless Contamination.** The most obvious component of polluted air is the smoke that pours from millions of home chimneys, power-plant and factory smokestacks, incinerators and garbage dumps. It consists of tiny pieces of carbon, ash, oil, grease, and microscopic particles of metal and metal oxides. Some of these particles are so large that they settle rapidly to earth, but many are small enough to remain suspended in the atmosphere until they are removed by rain or wind. Though the particulates, as they are called, are highly visible and often the first target of antipollution officials, they constitute only about 10% of the pollution in the air over the U.S.

Cities such as Pittsburgh and St.

Louis, which after World War II enforced vigorous and successful campaigns to clear smoke from their skies, have now discovered that their drives against pollution have only just begun. A full 90% of U.S. air pollution consists of largely invisible but potentially deadly gases. More than half of the contamination in the air over the U.S., for example, consists of colorless, odorless carbon monoxide, most of it issuing from the exhaust pipes of automobiles, trucks and buses.

The second most plentiful gas pollutant is composed of oxides of sulphur, produced by home, power-plant and factory combustion of coal and oil containing large percentages of sulphur. More than a tenth of air pollution consists of hydrocarbons, most of them emanating as unburned or only partially burned gaseous compounds from automobile fuel systems. Combustion also produces large quantities of carbon dioxide, nitrogen oxides and other gases.

As if these products of combustion were not unpleasant or dangerous enough by themselves, some also undergo complicated chemical changes in the atmosphere that make them even less attractive. In the presence of sunlight, the hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides emitted largely by automobile exhausts react to produce the sort of brownish and irritating photochemical smog that blankets Los Angeles for most of the year. "Los Angeles smog" is a highly complex soup containing, among other



JAPANESE SCHOOLCHILDREN WEARING RESPIRATORY MASKS  
What symbolized prosperity is now a source of irritation.



things, nitrogen dioxide, hydrocarbons, ozone (a highly active and poisonous form of oxygen) and peroxyacyl nitrate (commonly called PAN). "London smog," on the other hand, usually contains high quantities of sulphur oxides that react with moisture to produce a dilute but corrosive sulphuric-acid mist.

Though air conditioners can effectively filter pollutant particles out of the air, the troublesome gaseous contaminants pass through unhindered. Thus city dwellers who feel that they have found sanctuary from the smog in sealed and air conditioned offices and apartments are actually in an atmosphere that may be little better than the foul air of the streets.

**\$600 for Cleaning.** The unwholesome mess that U.S. citizens and corporations

year, only 3½ years after the hotel was completed. Ozone, a principal component of photochemical smog, discolors and disintegrates clothing and causes rubber to become brittle and crack.

Vegetation, too, suffers from polluted air—even in rural areas that until recently were believed to be out of the range of contamination. Sulphur dioxide causes leaves to dry out and bleach to a light tan or ivory color, kills the tips of grasses and of pine and fir-tree seedlings.

Scientists are certain that the ozone and PAN in Los Angeles smogs have caused the serious decline in the citrus and salad crops in the area. In one of the many smog experiments they are conducting, they have planted lemon trees in small greenhouses in a grove

**Damage to People.** Pollutants that injure plants and erode stone are likely to have a damaging effect on humans too. Motorists who would never contemplate committing suicide by running a hose from their exhaust pipe into the car often unknowingly endanger their lives by exposing themselves to large amounts of carbon monoxide on expressways and in tunnels and garages. Though an hour's exposure to 1,500 parts of monoxide per million parts of air can endanger a man's life, only 120 parts per million for an hour can affect his driving enough to cause an accident. And concentrations of about 100 parts per million have been found in tunnels and garages and on the streets of Chicago, Detroit, New York and London.

Assistant Surgeon General Prindle points out that a heavy cigarette smoker carries a 3% to 4% concentration of carbon monoxide in his bloodstream. Thus it is not surprising, he says, that habitual smokers are the first to turn up at hospitals during periods of extreme air pollution; carbon monoxide concentrations in their bloodstream reach a toxic 25%-30% level before those of nonsmokers.

Chief culprits in the Donora, London and New York smog disasters were probably sulphur dioxide and sulphur trioxide, which, either in gaseous form or converted into sulphuric-acid mist, can irritate the skin, eyes and upper respiratory tract. Extreme exposure, such as might occur in an industrial accident, can do irreparable damage to the lungs—and even attack the enamel on teeth.

**Arsenic & Heart Disease.** Ozone and PAN produce the eye irritation, coughing and chest soreness experienced by many Los Angeles residents on smoggy days. In laboratory experiments, continuous exposure to ozone shortened the lives of guinea pigs. Scientists have also calculated that a child born in New York City after World War II has now inhaled the pollution equivalent of smoking nine cigarettes per day every day of his life. Like those in cigarettes, some of the hydrocarbons identified in automobile exhausts have produced cancer in laboratory animals.

The particles in pollution are injurious to humans also. Carbon particles that blacken the lungs of residents of London and New York carry gases adsorbed onto their surface. They enable sulphur dioxide, for example, to penetrate deeper into the lungs than it could on its own; without particles to carry it, the gas can be exhaled relatively easily from the upper respiratory tract. Other particulates act as catalysts in the atmosphere, speeding the conversion of sulphur dioxide into more harmful sulphuric acid. Particles of arsenic, beryllium, cadmium, lead, chromium and possibly manganese, discharged into the atmosphere by a variety of man-made processes, may contribute to cancer and heart disease.

Though researchers have not been able to prove a direct cause-and-effect



CALIFORNIA LEMON TREES IN SMOG-TEST GREENHOUSES  
Trading orchids and spinach for ozone & PAN.

spew into that great sewer in the sky costs them dearly—\$11 billion a year in property damage alone, according to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Air pollutants abrade, corrode, tarnish, soil, erode, crack, weaken and discolor materials of all varieties. Steel corrodes from two to four times as fast in urban and industrial regions as in rural areas, where much less sulphur-bearing coal and oil are burned. The erosion of some stone statuary and buildings is also greatly speeded by high concentrations of sulphur oxides.

Heavy fallout of pollution particles in metropolitan areas deposits layers of grime on automobiles, clothing, buildings and windows; it adds about \$600 per year in washing, cleaning, repairing and repainting bills to the budget of a family with two or three children in New York City, according to a study made by Irving Michelson, a consultant in environmental health and safety. Because of fly ash and soot from smokestacks, the main façade of Manhattan's New York Hilton was so badly discolored that it had to be replaced last

near Upland. Pure, filtered air is pumped into some of the greenhouses, air containing measured amounts of pollutants into others. When the fruit is finally picked, the scientists will compare the quality and yield of lemons from trees in different greenhouses, hoping to learn more about how each component of smog affects the crop. Some effects of the smog are indisputable. Such diverse plants as orchids and spinach can no longer be grown in metropolitan Los Angeles.

In semi-rural Florida, east of Tampa, large amounts of fluorides emitted from phosphate plants have rained down on nearby citrus groves, ranches and gladiolus farms. Orange and lemon trees that absorbed the fluorides produced smaller yields, and gladioli turned brown and died. A national air-pollution symposium reported that cattle grazing on grass that was contaminated with the fluorides developed uneven teeth that hindered chewing and joints so swollen that many of the animals could not stand. Fluorides have also etched windowpanes, giving them the frosted appearance of a light bulb.

relationship between air pollution and disease, they have found that the incidence of chronic bronchitis among British mailmen who deliver mail in areas with heavy air pollution is three times as high as among mailmen who work in cleaner regions. Researchers also know that there are more deaths from chronic pulmonary disease in high-pollution areas of Buffalo than in other neighborhoods. Boston policemen working around high concentrations of carbon monoxide seem more susceptible to the common cold.

**Evolution of Control.** Alarmed by ever-murkier skies, increasing property damage, unpleasant odors and more frequent pollution alerts, communities, states and the Federal Government have finally begun to mount a systematic attack on air pollution. They have been able to use as a model the pioneering antipollution program of Los Angeles, which evolved out of sheer necessity. Though the city has frequent temperature inversions and lies in a mountain-rimmed bowl that traps the pollutants, Los Angeles had practically no pollution problem until the 1940s, when it began its explosive growth in population and industry.

Almost overnight, the clear air that had played so important a role in drawing moviemakers to Hollywood was replaced by palls of smoke, a brownish haze and offensive odors that made city life irritating and unpleasant. Concerned Angelenos began to come forward with California-size plans to solve the problem. One suggestion was to bore mammoth tunnels through the surrounding mountains, install huge fans in them and literally suck the smog from the Los Angeles basin into the desert to the east. There was one drawback: operating the fans for a day would require the total annual power output of eight Hoover Dams. A proposal to install giant mirrors to focus the sun's rays, heat the air, and thereby cause it to carry pollution up through the inversion also turned out to be impractical; even if the entire basin were a giant mirror, scientists calculated, not enough heat would be generated to do the job.

Then, backed by aroused citizens, Los Angeles County established a control board and vested it with the authority to control any pollution released into the atmosphere from Los Angeles County, an area of 4,000 sq. mi. Running roughshod over objections from many business leaders, the board established regulations to limit the amount of pollutants released into the air by industry, banned the use of high-pollution fuels and the burning of junked cars and garbage. To further limit pollution, the board even ordered that paint containing volatile, smog-forming chemicals not be sold in containers larger than quart size. It reasoned that such a regulation would discourage large users from purchasing high-pollutant paints.

To prove that it meant business, the

board brought to court and won conviction of thousands of pollution violators. It was backed to the hilt by Angelenos. In protest against an oil company that was convicted of a pollution offense, 1,500 residents returned their credit cards issued by the firm. On a single day in 1958, the board closed down \$58 million worth of incinerators; instead of burning garbage, the county began hauling it as far as 40 miles away to use as land fill. Aided and goaded by the board, Los Angeles oil refineries developed new techniques to reduce sulphur and to trap and recycle malodorous wastes; the refineries became the cleanest and least offensive in the world. Power companies were ordered to use low-sulphur natural gas whenever available, and required to use

with a "blow-by" connection to feed unburned gasoline in the crankcase back into the engine manifold. Another law made it mandatory for all 1966 cars sold in the state to have devices that would reduce carbon monoxide emitted from the tail pipe by 50%, hydrocarbons by 65%. A further reduction in tail-pipe emissions will be required in 1970. Taking its cue from experts, the Federal Government has ordered Detroit to make similar improvements on all of its 1968 cars. But California—and the U.S.—are fighting a losing battle against the autos.

Inspections of California cars that have been driven more than 20,000 miles and are equipped with antipollution devices have shown that as many as 87% fail to meet state requirements



ELECTRIC-POWERED DAUPHINE WITH SILVER-ZINC BATTERIES FRONT & REAR  
And some day convenience may have to give way to survival.

fuel containing a minimum amount of sulphur the remainder of the time.

**Lossing Battle.** Instead of disappearing, however, Los Angeles' characteristic whisky-brown smog has actually grown worse. The culprits are Los Angeles County's 3.75 million autos, which produce 12,420 of the 13,730 tons of contaminants released into the air over the county every day. (Some of the remainder is contributed by planes; a 4-engine jet expels 88 lbs. of pollutants during each takeoff.) In addition to nearly 10,000 tons\* of carbon monoxide, autos exhaust 2,000 tons of hydrocarbons and 530 tons of nitrogen oxides daily, enough to form a substantial brew of irritating smog.

At the urging of the pollution-control board, California decreed that cars sold in the state from 1964 on be equipped

for the suppression of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide; the devices generally become less efficient with age and are improperly maintained. Even if the devices work perfectly, however, they cannot keep pace with the rapid growth of Los Angeles' auto population—which is expected to increase by another 2,000,000 vehicles by 1980. "Even if by then the average motor vehicle is producing only one-half of the pollution of today's average car," says County Air Pollution Control Officer Louis Fuller, "motor-vehicle pollution will be greater than it is now."

**Electric Car Research.** To solve the dilemma, Fuller believes, legal limitations may have to be placed on the movement of autos into heavily contaminated urban areas. Frank Stead, a top official in the state's public-health department, has a more drastic solution. "It is clearly evident," he says, "that between now and 1980 the gasoline-powered engine must be phased out and replaced with an electric-power package." The only realistic way of bringing about such a change, Stead feels, is to "serve legal notice that after

\* The volume of carbon monoxide produced in one day is computed by multiplying the amount released by the burning of one gallon of gasoline by the average number of gallons consumed in Los Angeles. The weight of this volume of gas is influenced by existing temperatures and pressures, and can be easily calculated.



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1980 no gasoline-powered motor vehicles will be permitted to operate in California."

Californians have not overstated the auto-pollution case. In a speech that had ominous implications for Detroit's automakers, HEW Secretary John Gardner suggested that "we need to look into the electric car, the turbine car, and any other means of propulsion that is pollution-free. Perhaps we also need to find other ways of moving people around. None of us would wish to sacrifice the convenience of private passenger automobiles, but the day may come when we may have to trade convenience for survival."

Detroit has responded by talking up its electric-car research, demonstrating new batteries and fuel cells, and driving newsmen around in battery-powered compact cars. And Ford President Arjay Miller insists that a crash program is on to build an electric car. But most auto officials believe that between five and ten years will pass before moderately priced electric cars can be produced in volume. In Washington last week, to emphasize the need for electric cars, New York Democratic Representative Richard Ottinger drove an electric Dauphine, powered by silver-zinc batteries (developed by New York's Yardney Electric Corp.), about 70 miles on trips around the city.

**Fines & Prison Terms.** While Los Angeles ponders new strategies in its fight against pollution, other cities—aided by increasing federal technical and financial aid made possible by the Clean Air Act of 1963—have begun to take tentative and sometimes faltering steps in the same direction. To reduce New York City's dirty smog, some 50% of which comes from chimneys, smokestacks and open fires (compared with only 10% of Los Angeles' smog), a regulation has recently been passed to limit the sulphur content of fuel burned within the city. It came none too soon; the U.S. Public Health Service describes the sulphur-dioxide concentrations in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area as "the worst, the most critical" in the U.S.

In heavily polluted New Jersey, which shares high sulphur-dioxide concentrations with New York, a state assemblyman introduced a bill that would empower the Governor to shut down plants and incinerators and prohibit the movement of vehicles and the burning of any fuel during smog emergencies. Private citizens or corporate officers refusing to comply could be fined as much as \$100,000 and imprisoned for as long as ten years.

To clear the air in Chicago, the city has launched a campaign to force local steel plants to adopt costly antipollution techniques, and transportation officials are investigating combination diesel-electric buses that would reduce exhaust fumes. An Illinois legislator has gone so far as to introduce a bill that would limit the use of Illinois coal—

which has a high sulphur content—in public buildings.

**Gradual Suffocation.** But with these few exceptions, most communities in the U.S. have still to come to grips with the problems. There is still time to do so, but it is dwindling. U.C.L.A. Meteorologist Morris Neiburger points out that the air that now streams across the Pacific from Asia is clean when it reaches the west coast of the U.S. It picks up pollution over the coastal states, loses some over the Rockies, and becomes dirty again as it moves toward the Eastern Seaboard. "Imagine the smog that would accumulate," he says, "if every one of the 800 million Chinese drove a gasoline-powered automobile—as every Angeleno does."

The Chinese autos and the new factories that produce them will quickly pollute the Asian skies, Neiburger fears, dirtying the air currents even before they reach the U.S. Eventually, if air pollution increases beyond the capacity of the atmosphere to cleanse itself, smog will encircle the earth, he says, "and all of civilization will pass away. Not from a sudden cataclysm, but from gradual suffocation by its own effluents."

Other scientists are concerned about the tremendous quantities of carbon dioxide released into the air by the burning of "fossil fuels" like coal and oil. Because it is being produced faster than it can be absorbed by the ocean or converted back into carbon and oxygen by plants, some scientists think that the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere has increased by about 10% since the turn of the century. The gas produces a "greenhouse" effect in the atmosphere; it allows sunlight to penetrate it, but effectively blocks the heat generated on earth by the sun's rays from escaping back into space.

**No Apocalypse.** There has already been a noticeable effect on earth—a gradual warming trend. As the carbon-dioxide buildup continues and even accelerates, scientists fear that average temperatures may, in the course of decades, rise enough to melt the polar ice caps. Since this would raise ocean levels more than 100 feet, it would effectively drown the smog problems of the world's coastal cities.

The waters, however, need never rise. Within his grasp, man has the means to prevent any such apocalyptic end. Over the short run, fuels can be used that produce far less pollutant as they burn. Chimneys can be filtered so that particulate smoke is reduced. Automobile engines and anti-exhaust devices can be made far more efficient. What is needed is recognition of the danger by the individual citizen and his government, the establishment of sound standards, and the drafting of impartial rules to govern the producers of pollution. Over the long run, the development of such relatively nonpolluting power sources as nuclear energy and electric fuel cells can help guarantee mankind the right to breathe.





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### Redwood.

The tough, fibrous bark of these trees may grow up to a foot thick. It is very tightly constructed, but pliable. And it is highly resistant to fire and insect attack.



### Ponderosa Pine.

The close-pressed papery scales of this bark take on the color shown here only in trees that are over 80 to 100 years old. Before that they are nearly black.



### Sycamore.

The mottled color of the bark is due to a tendency for large, thin, brittle plates to peel off, revealing lighter areas beneath. These areas grow darker with exposure, until they, too, peel off.



### Mangrove.

The leathery bark of these trees helps adapt them to their unique habitat: they are almost always found growing near—or even in—salt water, in tropical or semi-tropical regions.





### White Birch.

It is the texture of the bark which gives this tree one of its common names: paper birch. As it splits, it peels off in paper-thin strips. This is the bark the Indians used for their canoes.

**Did you know that the bark of every tree has its special texture and color? Here are six of the most distinctive.**

A tree grows new bark just as it grows new wood. With this difference: new wood is added to the outside of the wood already there; new bark is added to the inside.

As new bark is born, the old bark dies and turns to cork. With new bark coming in beneath it, and with the tree itself expanding, the old bark is stretched until it splits or cracks. Then, if it is paper-like, it may peel off in strips; if tough and brittle it may flake; if soft and spongy it may form deep furrows. The bark of every species behaves a little differently than all others.

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### Shagbark Hickory.

In the young tree, the bark is smooth, firm, and light gray in color. As the tree matures the bark takes on its distinctive appearance, breaking up into plates, loose at one or both ends.



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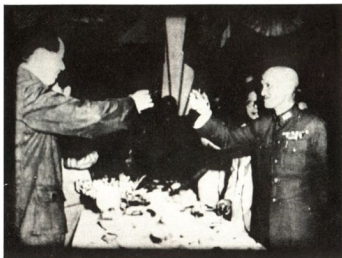
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Shown above rear, the 1965 Lincoln Continental sedan; foreground, the '67 sedan in Silver Mist with optional black vinyl roof. Also available for 1967, the Continental coupé, America's only four-door convertible, and the executive limousine, the ultimate luxury motorcar.

## SHOW BUSINESS



MAO & CHIANG AT 1945 TRUCE CONFERENCE IN CHUNGKING  
Less outdated than validated by the present.

### TELEVISION

#### The Fruits of Hatred

"I remember Mao Tse-tung saying to me that Americans thought the Communists would lose." Old China Hand Theodore H. White is no mean hand at that kind of name-dropping. He also recalls being warned by Chiang Kai-shek, in 1941, that "the Japanese are a disease of the skin, but the Communists are a disease of the heart." Such recollections are heart and parcel of *China: The Roots of Madness*, a 90-minute television documentary to be syndicated on 101 channels in 41 states between Jan. 30 and Feb. 5. For those whose knowledge of the past century of Chinese history is a little hazy, the White-scripted special should be virtually required viewing.

In addition to crackling prose of a caliber rarely heard on TV, the Xerox Corp.-sponsored program is livened by the affecting personal reminiscences of Pearl Buck, among others—and the crisp editing of David Wolper Productions Inc.

In the can since last month, the show makes only passing reference to the Red Guards. Even so, it is less outdated than validated by China's present upheaval. The thrust of *Roots of Madness* is, baldly, that 100 years of colonial humiliation and continuous civil bloodshed left a fractious population unifiable only by tyranny and by a paranoia "primitive hatred of the foreign devil."

**Eerie Fanaticism.** The earliest footage, shot in 1900 by Professional Traveler Burton Holmes, contains a profusion of reminiscent vignettes: U.S. occupation troops play broomstick polo in Peking during the Boxer Rebellion; a throne-room sequence shows the last Manchurian ruler, the depraved Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi. There are shots of Sun Yat-sen's founding of the Kuomintang, and of his 1925 funeral; and there

is a portrait of 33-year-old Mao the next year, already glowing eerily with fanaticism. The impressive wedding ceremony of Sun's Wellesley-trained sister-in-law to his heir, Chiang, is followed by Mao and Chiang on screen together, toasting each other at the 1945 truce conference arranged by U.S. Ambassador Patrick Hurley.

The one omnipresent picture is death—by warlord's broadsword or Japanese bombardment, by starvation or, simply, "in gusts of senseless cruelty." The end result is shown in the present generation of young girls caroling: "Last night I dreamed of Chairman Mao." Teddy White also sees visions of the Communist revolutionary he remembers from the 1930s and 1940s. A film of Mao today comes into view while the voice-over narrates: "His aging mind still lusts for permanent strife; the theme he preaches to old and young alike is hate."

### BROADWAY

#### The Apparition of Success

Every night we have the battle to keep  
The girls from taking off all their clothing.  
So don't go away.  
Who knows?  
Tonight we may lose the battle.

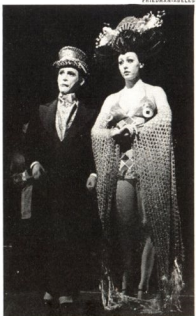
Pasty-faced and crater-eyed, behind his boldly rouged cheeks, the lone figure onstage when the footlights go up on Broadway's hit musical, *Cabaret*, is a garish apparition indeed. He twists his scarlet mouth into an obsequious leer as he whines the lyrics of *Willkommen, Bienvenue, Welcome*. The character has no name, no dialogue. But in Joel Grey's insinuating performance, the sleazy, empty-souled, fanny-grabbing emcee of Berlin's Kit Kat Klub is not only the glue that holds the musical together but also the embodi-

ment of a nation's depravity during the black dawn of the Nazis.

Although it does not call for star billing, the part is one of the strongest and most complex on Broadway, and Grey treasures it as if it were a long-awaited inheritance. With his wife Jo, he has worked out a gradually intensifying makeup scheme that transforms his face from mere decadence at the outset to a gaping death's head by the end. In the desperate name of gaiety, he paws the girls, dons tights and wigs to join the chorus line, and dances with an all-but-naked fake gorilla.

**Take a Chance.** Still baby-faced under his makeup at 34, Grey looks knowingly at *Cabaret*'s world. "I've been there," he says. Son of a successful vaudevillian named Mickey Katz, Joel clicked with a cabaret routine while still in high school in California. In his teens he was a headliner at such high-priced playrooms as New York's Copacabana, Miami's Fontainebleau, Hollywood's Mocambo, and the London Palladium. "At that time," he recalls, "I would do almost anything to find a niche for myself. I had a bleeding ulcer at 20, and my life was falling apart."

With nothing to do, he did everything: TV, movies, summer stock, revues, nightclubs. He landed the lead as a replacement in two Broadway shows (*Stop the World, Half a Sixpence*), but he was still a crucial step away from the ideal niche. When Producer-Director Harold Prince came after him for *Cabaret*, he succumbed instantly. "Everyone thought it was a very chancy show," he says, "but I knew I wanted to take the gamble. The tawdriness and decadence of café life is something I know."



GREY & SHOWGIRL IN "CABARET"  
Embodiment of the black dawn.

## THE PRESS

### MAGAZINES

#### Agony Relieved

The subject matter helps. In his second *Look* installment of *The Death of a President*, William Manchester is dealing with true historical drama—the assassination of President Kennedy. In this case, his Jackie Kennedy-authorized access to the people involved helps produce an authoritative, powerful account of the Dallas tragedy. Politics are left aside, and those caught up in the event emerge as neither heroes nor villains. The Secret Service is pictured somewhat confused and leaderless, but other than that, no one involved should have anything to complain about—unless it is the personal pain of having to relive Nov. 22, 1963.

Even Manchester's description of Vice President Johnson is sympathetic. His portrait of L.B.J. after the assassination is that of a man overwhelmed: "While he had already succeeded to the office, he didn't realize it, and the slumped figure in the hospital bore little resemblance to the shrewd, assured President Johnson the country came to know." Kennedy's assistant press secretary, Mac Kilduff, reported that on addressing Johnson as "Mr. President" for the first time, he "looked at me like I was Donald Duck." In the confusion, Secret Service agents urged Johnson to take the J.F.K. presidential plane out of Dallas. It was L.B.J. who balked at the idea and flatly refused to board the plane until he had express approval from Kennedy's staff. As for Lady Bird, she insisted on going first to do what she could to comfort Jackie Kennedy and Nellie Connally.

**A Sole Assassin.** In the hour following the assassination, normally lucid people did strange things. Since the murdered President had been scheduled to

make a luncheon address at the Dallas Trade Mart, Lady Bird's press secretary, Liz Carpenter, assumed that the Vice President would make the speech. She hurried to the mart only to discover, of course, that scarcely anyone was there. In Parkland Hospital, medical attendants struggled to remove the critically wounded Governor's clothes. It was Connally, finally, who had the presence of mind to remind them, "Why not cut them off?"

The merit of Manchester's account lies not so much in the new details he supplies as in the methodical way in which he reconstructs events. His own exhaustive investigation led him to conclude that the same bullet which passed through President Kennedy's neck also struck Connally—thus making Lee Harvey Oswald the sole assassin. He also narrates a harrowing little episode involving Caroline Kennedy. Fearing that an attempt might be made on the lives of the Kennedy family, a Secret Service agent named Tom Wells picked up Caroline from some friends and started driving her away in an unmarked car. Another motorist spotted Caroline in the car, and thinking she had been abducted, gave hot pursuit. After a high-speed chase, Wells finally managed to escape.

**No Promises.** As far as the quality of the narrative is concerned, Jackie's controversial excisions seem to make no difference. What they actually amount to cannot be known until *Look's* installment can be compared with the unpurgated version which is scheduled to appear in West Germany's *Stern* this week. *Look* tried to keep *Stern* from running any more of the deleted material by applying for an injunction, but a German court refused to grant it. *Stern's* editor, Henri Nannen, has hinted that he might consider "negotiating"

future excisions from the version it publishes—but has promised nothing.

Otherwise, *Look* had nothing to be upset about. The issue containing the first installment sold some 1,300,000 newsstand copies, or close to three times the normal number. The second is expected to do even better.

#### Price Spurt

Along with other consumer items, the U.S. public is now paying more for magazines. Last month *Reader's Digest* and *Look* raised their newsstand price from 35¢ to 50¢. *TIME* increased from 40¢ to 50¢. Last year the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Saturday Review* jumped from 25¢ to 35¢. *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report* rose from 35¢ to 40¢. *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook* from 35¢ to 50¢. *Holiday* spurted from 60¢ to 75¢. *Town & Country* from 75¢ to \$1.00.

The increases were substantial, explain the publishers, because costs—especially wages and printing-plant expenses—have risen sharply. To date, there has been no audible squawk from readers, and newsstand sales of most magazines have not suffered. To be sure, newsstand sales generally account for only a small percentage of overall sales, most of which are by subscription. But then, it is likely that subscription rates will also rise soon.

### NEWSPAPERS

#### Self-Medication

For the past four months, the British national press has been undergoing the most severe crisis of self-confidence in its history. First, an outsider—Canada's Lord Thomson—took over the London Times, symbol of Fleet Street stability. Then Harold Wilson's economic squeeze caused a drastic cutback in advertising. Finally, last week, a report confirmed the newspapers' worst fears: the industry is in dire trouble.

The papers were swallowing their own medicine; they commissioned the report themselves. Begun a year ago by a subsidiary of the London *Economist*, the analysis was supposed to have been quietly circulated among the sponsoring publishers and unions. But the Guardian, which was not a party to the agreement, got a copy of the report and leaked salient portions. The leak forced the publishers to release the entire 555-page report. It is now the talk of Fleet Street—much to its own discomfort. For the report lays the lion's share of the blame for the industry's decline on a "small number of highly individualistic proprietors," some of whom have "little interest in modern management methods and techniques, yet retain almost absolute authority over their organization."

**Habit of Succumbing.** Partly as a result of this old-fashioned management, said the report, four of the 18 nationally circulated newspapers are likely to close down by 1970. Only two—Lord



WILLIAM MANCHESTER

Nothing to complain about—aside from the pain.



GERMANY'S "STERN"



ALAN CLIFTON

DENIS BAYES



KING

THOMSON

*Discomfort for all the rest.*

Thomson's Sunday Times and Cecil King's Daily Mirror—can face the future with any kind of confidence. From 1957 to 1964, newspaper profits rose 29%, while editorial costs jumped 98% and production wages soared 130%. During this period, only seven papers succeeded in increasing their revenues more than their costs. Average circulation fell 6%, which was an indication that the rise in population is not enough to offset the "decreasing interest in buying newspapers."

The papers, noted the report, are overstaffed by some 4,000 men, many of whom do little to earn their pay. The cost to the industry of this featherbedding: a debilitating \$13.6 million a year. Despite the waste, continued the report, management has too often shown little inclination to do battle with the unions. Instead, it makes a habit of "succumbing to extreme pressure." Sometimes it even succumbs in advance. It was long believed, for instance, that the Guardian was forced to print in both London and Manchester because of union insistence. In fact, the Guardian management never formally discussed with the unions the possibility of shutting down one of the printing plants.

After the report was released, some papers snappishly defended themselves, others owned up to the industry's inadequacies. Various rescue plans were proposed, ranging from government subsidies for newspaper production facilities to a more equitable distribution of advertising among the papers. But there were no easy panaceas. Wrote the London *Economist* in a harsh indictment of the industry: "Britain's national newspapers have got themselves into a mess and are pleading for sympathy. Most of them are so incompetently managed that they deserve nothing of the kind."

### Headlines of the Week

From the afternoon New York Post, Jan. 17:

REPORT MAO GAINS IN POWER STRUGGLE

From New York's afternoon World Journal Tribune, Jan. 17:

MAO SEEN LOSING STRUGGLE IN CHINA



## Enjoy A&C Grenadiers, the cigar that's going places.

Anywhere you travel these days, you see men lighting up... and settling down to the real pleasure of A&C flavor.

Flavor that comes from A&C's unique blend of fine imported and choice domestic tobaccos.

Flavor that has sales soaring.

Flavor that's made A&C a favorite travel companion of men who are going places.

Light up an A&C *Grenadier* (shown actual size).

Or choose a Panetela, Tony or

any one of A&C's nine other shapes and sizes.

Buy a box or pack... you won't want to go anywhere without A&C again.

## Antonio y Cleopatra

Tastes so good it never lasts long enough.



Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.



REGENTS MEETING AT BERKELEY (KERR STANDING)  
Graded on his own scale of values.

## EDUCATION

### UNIVERSITIES

#### The Failure of a Peacemaker

"The president of the University of California takes his final exam every month," said Clark Kerr to a group of reporters last week. "I've taken lots of them and passed. This time I didn't." Indeed not. By a vote of 14 to 8, California's board of regents had just decided to dismiss Kerr after eight years as head of the nation's largest university.

Kerr's firing was not all that much of a surprise; many of the regents have openly blamed him for failing to prevent two years of intermittent disorder at the university's oldest and most prestigious branch at Berkeley. But the timing of the dismissal was a shock. Only a week earlier, Kerr had fought forcefully, in joint cause with most of the regents, against a 20% budget cut and a tuition fee proposed by newly installed Governor Ronald Reagan (Time, Jan. 20).

**Precipitate & Unwarranted.** Kerr, apparently, fought too hard. After the budget and tuition proposals had been explained to the regents, he temporarily suspended student admissions, as did Glenn S. Dumke, chancellor of the 18 state colleges. It was an obvious political gesture designed to arouse Californians against the budget cut, and it caused consternation among prospective students, Reagan, who regarded his proposals as "provisional" and subject to compromise, angrily called the freeze "precipitate and unwarranted." Equally disturbed were several of the regents, since Kerr had taken his action without consulting the board.

The actual firing came at the end of a relatively calm 1½-day public discussion of the budget, at which Reagan once

again expressed his willingness to modify both the size of his cuts and the tuition fee. With business apparently completed, Theodore Meyer, a San Francisco lawyer and chairman of the regents,\* told Kerr that the board wished to consult in private.

From previous conversations with Kerr, several of the regents had picked up the impression that he was weary of criticism and wanted his status clarified (he had not, however, sought a formal vote of confidence). Reagan's newly appointed Regent Allan Grant first suggested the firing, which was formally moved by Laurence J. Kennedy Jr., a lawyer and one of the ten regents appointed by former Governor Pat Brown. When the vote was taken, anti-Kerr ballots included those of Reagan, Oilman Edwin Pauley, Mrs. Norman Chandler and Retailer Edward Carter, who had been chairman during the time of the riots. Among those supporting Kerr were Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh and Industrialist Norton Simon.

Afterward, Reagan said that "the regents have taken a very responsible action," and Chairman Meyer defended the dismissal as being necessary in order to end "the state of uncertainty" at the university. Speaker Unruh, who the day before had implicitly rejected Kerr's admissions freeze, declared that it set "a very dangerous precedent" to fire a president when an incoming Governor takes over. University officials, however, feared that the blunt manner of his dismissal would have an adverse effect on faculty recruiting. At some campuses,

student organizations that less than a year ago were ready to demonstrate for Kerr's dismissal, made plans to demonstrate on his behalf. Campus leaders warned that the regents' action was a preliminary to a further crackdown on student behavior.

**Lost His Cool.** The truth of the matter was that neither politics nor any supposed anti-intellectual hostility on the part of the regents was the cause of the firing. In his eight years as president and six as Berkeley chancellor, well-meaning Clark Kerr had unquestionably done much for the university. He shaped California's master plan for higher education. During his tenure, student population nearly doubled (to 87,000), and Cal rose in quality to the very top rank of American institutes of higher learning. Yet when the acid test of his executive talent came, during the student revolt, Kerr—as the students might put it—lost his cool. Thereafter, his indecisiveness managed to alienate, at one time or another, the regents, the faculty, the administration and the students alike. Unquestionably, many Californians agreed with the judgment of Mrs. Randolph Hearst, a regent who voted to oust him, that the president "lacked administrative ability."

In the end, Kerr had not lived up to his own concept of what the modern multiversity president should be: a mediator between conflicting campus pressures and forces. In his 1963 book, *The Uses of the University*, Kerr wrote that "the first task of the mediator is peace—peace within the student body, the faculty, the trustees; and peace between and among them." No one could deny that Kerr had failed to keep the peace at Cal.

#### Academic Democracy

Baltimore's research-minded Johns Hopkins University has a reputation that far outstrips its size (1,764 undergraduates, 2,038 grad students). Its fame lured Milton Eisenhower—former head of Kansas State and Penn State and adviser to four U.S. Presidents—to its presidency in 1956. Last week Johns Hopkins landed a seasoned scholar-diplomat to succeed him: Lincoln Gordon.



EISENHOWER & GORDON  
As good as the reputation.

\* The board has 16 regents, appointed for 16-year terms by the Governor, and eight ex officio members, including the Governor, university president and speaker of the assembly.

don, 53, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

Founded with a \$7,000,000 gift from Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Magnate Johns Hopkins in 1876, the university pioneered graduate education in the U.S. Its School of Medicine blazed trails in public health, bacteriology and epidemiology, fashioned the modern clinical training of doctors. By the 1920s, however, the founding funds began to run dry, and Hopkins slipped into 30 years of unbalanced budgets and declining educational quality.

Summoned to check the slippage, Milton Eisenhower doubled the school's endowment, raised \$50 million for buildings and \$30 million for equipment, hiked faculty salaries by 70%. He added a new department specializing in the philosophy of science, another in mathematical statistics, strengthened Hopkins' School of Advanced International Studies in Washington and Bologna. He pumped more money into the medical school, where the quality and quantity of student admissions were fading; now, 1,200 applicants fight for the 75 openings in each freshman class.

**True Community.** Under Eisenhower, Johns Hopkins has again caught up with its reputation for excellence. One index is its enrollment of 850 postdoctoral students—the largest, for its size, of any U.S. university. It is also a collegiate democracy: the twelve-man Academic Council, elected by the faculty, has a free hand in setting academic policy. "There is no institution in the country where freedom is more prized," proudly declared Eisenhower. "This is a true community of scholars."

Gordon should fit easily into the Hopkins community since he insists that he is "only an amateur diplomat—my true profession is being a university professor." He taught political science and economics at Harvard for nearly 20 years, interspersed his teaching with government service, ranging from World War II's War Production Board to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. From 1961 until early 1966, when he moved back to Washington, Gordon was an adept ambassador to Brazil. He will leave State in June, accompanied by President Johnson's blessing as a man with "a rare combination of experience and scholarship, idealism and practical judgment."

## TESTING

### Toward National Assessment

*The U.S. Office of Education is formed "for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States . . . and of diffusing such information."*

—Act of Congress, March 2, 1867.  
Despite that century-old charge, the Federal Government has never diffused, much less collected, any meaningful facts on the quality of education put forth by U.S. schools. Against strong

opposition from local school officials, who remain fearful that federal testing means "federal control," the Carnegie Corporation, with Ford Foundation and Government backing, has now embarked on a national assessment of school performance.

The assessment program was unveiled by former Education Commissioner Francis Keppel at the 1965 White House Conference on Education. He argued that "the nation's taxpayers and their representatives in Congress have every right to know whether their investment in education is paying off." In agreeing to finance pilot tests, Carnegie said that "a nation that has hitched its destiny to the star of education and pours billions of dollars into the enterprise is collectively crazy if it does not try to find out the result of all this effort. We don't know whether most ninth-graders can read and comprehend a typical newspaper paragraph, whether most high school graduates know more or less about more or fewer things than high school graduates did 20 years ago."

**No Invidious Comparisons.** To frame the tests, Carnegie set up an exploratory committee of educators and executives, headed by Ralph W. Tyler, director of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, Calif. The committee decided to examine 256 population groups, broken down into four age levels (9, 13, 17 and adult); four geographic areas; two income levels; sex; and urban, suburban and rural divisions. This would be done by sampling techniques in which only 5% of an age group would be tested and no single student would be likely to encounter more than a single half-hour test and then only on a few of the ten subjects under study.\*

Results of the tests would not be pinpointed by school districts or by states; thus no single teacher would have any feedback on the performance of the one or two pupils from her class likely to be tested. This, Carnegie contends, means that no "invidious comparisons" would result, and no teacher would be under pressure to "teach for the tests." But the broad-brush group results could provide some facts which might help resolve the endless arguments on how well, or poorly, the schools are doing.

This month three school districts cooperated in trying out the first pilot tests on 700 fourth-graders. The students were asked to read a clock, show the meaning of numbers by using colored rods or an abacus, pick similar pictures from a group of four. Later this year, up to 50,000 children and adults will be sampled. High school seniors may be asked to fill out a driver's license application, while adults may be quizzed about their reading habits and asked to demonstrate skills with simple tools.

The Tyler committee will study the

results of the pilot tests, hopes to make its final report to the Carnegie Corporation by year's end. Tyler is confident that the committee will find national assessment feasible. It may recommend that an independent national commission, rather than the Office of Education, undertake a permanent testing program, most likely with federal funds.

**Coercive & Comparative.** Both HEW Secretary John Gardner, who was head of the Carnegie Corporation when testing was first proposed, and Education Commissioner Harold Howe favor the program. So does the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which recently implied its support by deploring the fact that "there is little information to measure the qual-



TYLER

*Pinpoints with a broad brush.*

ity of the public-school output—the student or graduate."

But professional educators are bitterly opposed. One such enemy is the executive committee of The American Association of School Administrators, representing 16,500 public-school superintendents. The committee has asked association members not to cooperate with the testing on the ground that assessment "will be coercive, will inevitably lead to the pressure of regional, state and local comparisons, and will have national overtones in the dispensing of federal aid." The committee claims that its stand has been informally endorsed by leaders of five other major education groups, including the National Congress of Parents and Teachers and the National Education Association.

Secretary Gardner answers that national testing is more likely to help local taxpayers use their schools more effectively than to give the Federal Government more influence. Opponents of assessment, insists Columbia Teachers College President John Fischer, are "suggesting that the more we know, the worse we might behave." Fischer proposes that the exact opposite is closer to the truth.

\* The ten: reading, writing, science, mathematics, social studies, citizenship, literature, art, music, vocational education.

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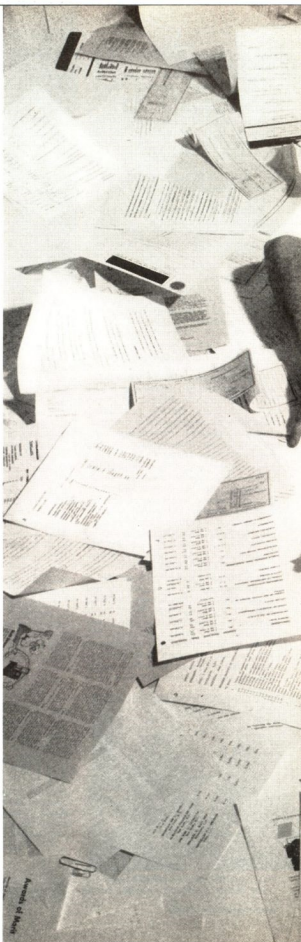
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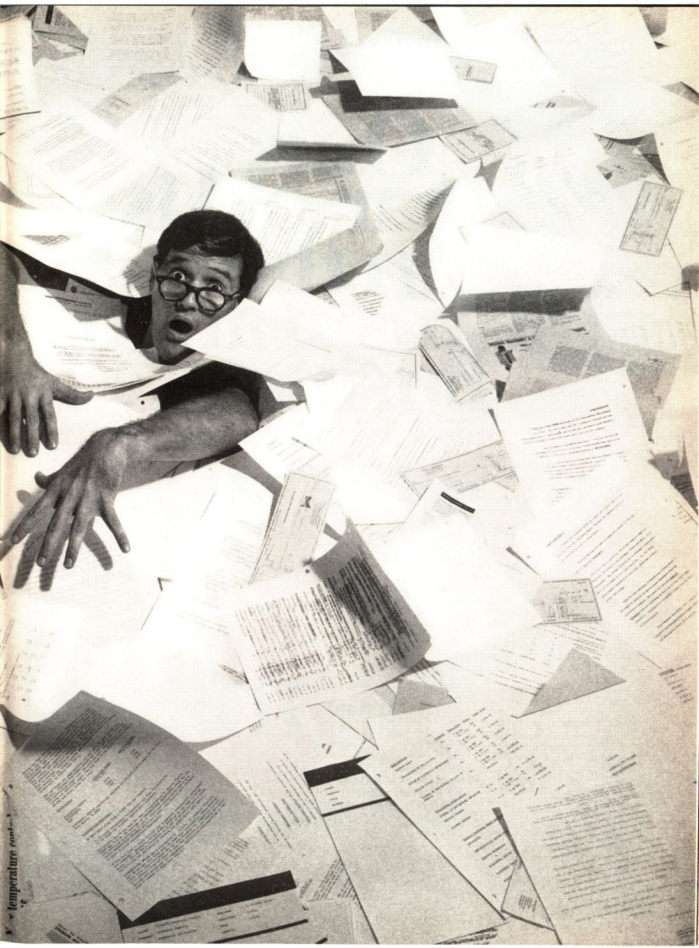
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Mozart started young too.

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And my, how he's grown.

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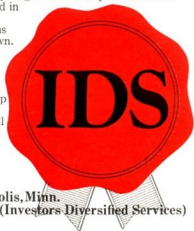
(To the point where there are now more than 150 offices in the U.S.)

So if you'd like some help with your personal or business life insurance, call our 8-year-old.

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# U.S. BUSINESS

## WALL STREET

### Back to the 900s?

The new year was scarcely three weeks old, and its step on Wall Street seemed springy indeed. With a burst of daily trading that surprised brokers—a daily average of 9,544,000 shares v. 7,500,000 last year—chart lines for the New York Stock Exchange pointed almost steadily upward. Boosted at mid-week by a one-day gain of 10.41 points, the Dow-Jones industrial average finished the week 12.03 points higher than it began. Overall, the industrials had risen 61.47 since the year began, stood at week's end at 847.16, or as high again as they were last August. Some brokers predicted that the industrial average, which dropped out of the 900s last May, might burst back in again by March.

**Ranging Progress.** What impressed the experts was that the advance ranged across just about every sector of the market. In 14 consecutive sessions, gains by individual stocks outnumbered the declines, and many a stock in the course of the week hit a new high, not merely for 1967 but for 1966 as well. Blue chips Du Pont, Bethlehem Steel, Procter & Gamble and even beleaguered A.T. & T. went up; so did glamor stocks Itek, Scientific Data and Ampex. Where there were big drops, there was an obvious reason. American Broadcasting Co. fell 14½ points following an

announcement in Washington by the Justice Department that it would oppose the merger of ABC and International Telephone & Telegraph (ITT, on the other hand, finished the week 1 point ahead).

There were many apparent reasons for the rise. One was the fact that investors who sold short in December for tax purposes now had to cover. Short-interest holdings—including large blocs in Douglas, RCA, Sperry Rand, Fairchild Camera and Gulf & Western—hit a 35-year high in December. The short-interest total began dropping—it was 2,000,000 shares lower at the beginning of last week—as the short sellers began covering themselves in a rising market. Buying also were mutual funds, which had kept about \$3 billion liquid and ready during an uncertain autumn and now moved in with some of it to pick up favorites.

**Outside Help.** The climb, to be sure, was not all due to internal causes. Much of it has come since President Johnson's State of the Union message; along with such bitter pills as higher taxes, the President also promised such palliatives as easier money and spoke against the wartime wage and price controls that Wall Street fears. In addition, last week came predictions from Washington that last year's sharp rise in consumer prices was likely to ease off this year, which also pleases the Street. By March, if the market does indeed roll into the 900s on its own momentum, there seemed a likelihood that a stable economy might keep it rolling.

## COMMODITIES

### Quotations in Quicksilver

In Manhattan's modestly housed Commodity Exchange, some 60 brokers pressed around the mahogany rail circling a sunken trading pit as a bell rang promptly at 9:50 a.m. "March," intoned the exchange's trading superintendent, Patrick J. White, from his elevated perch at the edge of the ring. "Ninety," shouted Herbert Coyne of the commodity firm of Rayner & Stonington Inc. "Sold," cried Robert Marcus of Imperial Commodities Corp. A beige-jacketed clerk chalked the figure on a blackboard.

So last week, in the cryptic jargon of commodity dealers, began the world's first public trading in mercury futures—contracts calling for delivery in a future month of the slippery metal known to mystified ancients, beloved of medieval alchemists, prized by modern industry for everything from thermometers to detonating caps. By his call of 90, Coyne had offered to pay \$490 per flask for ten flasks of mercury\* to be



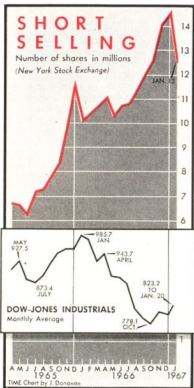
MERCURY TRADING IN MANHATTAN  
As fickle as the metal.

delivered the month after next. Marcus grabbed at the bid because the price surprised him. "We thought it would open at \$480 to \$485," he explained.

**Uncommon Gyration.** The only common metal that is liquid at ordinary temperatures, mercury often shows uncommon price gyrations—in response to floods, strikes, politics, foreign smuggling, or even occasional hijacking of mercury-loaded trucks in the U.S. From a twelve-year low of \$189 a flask in 1963, the New York price of mercury soared to a record \$740 in June 1965, then sank to \$330 a year later after the Federal Government began selling surplus metal from its strategic stockpile. Last week the price bounced as usual—from a Tuesday low of \$480 to a Thursday high of \$508, closing at \$501 after some \$2,750,000 of trading.

The 34-year-old Commodity Exchange, which also trades in copper, tin, silver, lead, zinc, hides and rubber, hopes that quotations stretching up to 18 months in the future will help to level off mercury's price swings. Though gamblers may now play the mercury market, the chief advantage of futures trading falls to big mercury users. They can buy ahead if prices seem to be headed up, need pay only \$500 per contract until actual delivery. If they hold large inventories, they can sell to hedge against the possibility of losing money on falling prices.

**Poison & Salvage.** Actually, most traders expect mercury's price to climb, at least in the long run. Though the U.S. is the world's No. 1 mercury consumer, the nation produces less than a third of the metal it needs. It depends heavily on imports from Spain, whose 2,400-year-old Almaden mine, the world's



\* Weighing 76 lbs. each, which was originally considered the optimum weight for a slave to lift.



McCORMICK PLACE BEFORE THE BLAZE  
Everything but fire walls and sprinklers.

richest, was first worked by invading Phoenicians. Both U.S. and world demand are growing faster than production, partly because of mercury's increasing use as a catalyst in the making of chlorine and caustic soda for the expanding chemical, paper and plastics industries. A corrosive poison in some forms (mercury bichloride), a therapeutic salve in others (mercury ammonium chloride), fickle mercury also goes in hefty quantities into such disparate products as dental fillings and dry-cell batteries, antibarnacle paint and electrical control apparatus. Hatmakers, however, have ceased using the stuff to soften felt. Reason: poisoned by mercury vapor, almost one U.S. hatter in ten developed shakes and mental disturbances. The resulting cliché, mad as a hatter, survives.

## CONVENTIONS

### The Cost of the New Chicago Fire

Chicago grew rich as the Midwest's hog butcher, and has fattened as "the convention capital of the U.S." As a centrally located air, rail, and highway hub, it is perhaps the most convenient of U.S. cities. It has fleshspots and fun

spots. For expositions it has the Navy Pier, Soldier Field, the International Amphitheater, and Chicago Stadium. In 1960, Chicago outdid itself by building McCormick Place, an edifice alongside Lake Michigan that ran the size of six football fields, with 486,000 square feet of space on three levels. It soon became the site of the U.S.'s biggest trade shows. McCormick Place cost Chicago \$35 million to build, and one boast was that it would be "more durable than the Colosseum."

Last week McCormick Place lay in a wild ruin of twisted steel, tumbled concrete and smoking ashes. It was the victim of a blaze that, in total money terms, rivaled the fire of 1871.

**Giants & Minors.** The biggest show of all—the 46th semiannual exhibit of the National Housewares Manufacturers Association—had been about to open. Nearly 1,240 exhibitors, ranging from giants like General Electric and Westinghouse down to minor manufacturers of shower curtains and shish kebabs, had set up exhibits and were prepared to write orders from buyers converging from all parts of the country. Then, late at night, fire suddenly broke out in a booth in the main exhibition hall. With-

in 15 minutes, McCormick Place was an inferno; because of the intensity of the fire and its rapid spread in all directions, investigators suspected that defective electrical wiring was the cause. Eight hours later, one watchman was dead and one of the world's great exhibition halls had been utterly devastated. The economic wreckage was incalculable.

The housewares manufacturers themselves lost \$25 million in merchandise and displays. Some products were prototypes rushed to Chicago to impress the 60,000 buyers who would have wandered through McCormick Place during the five-day show. There were other irreplaceable losses: the pioneer Webcor wire recorder was part of the ashes, and so were six original 1921-model Dormeyer mixers. Still missing were \$25,000 worth of diamonds that were to have been prizes.

About as bad was the loss in orders. Many exhibitors expected either to write large annual orders at this show or to use the exposition as an entrée for future calls. "If a customer sees a model at a show," said Leonard Sandberg, sales vice president for the Libertyville, Ill., Metalex Corp. (sales: \$1,000,000), "a picture will mean something to him when the salesman comes around. But how can you expect a salesman to carry a 2-ft. by 6-ft. metal room divider? Frankly, we don't know what exactly to do." The housewares men scrambled as best they could. Some salesmen did business out of attaché cases or in hotel rooms; former White House Chef René Verdon, who was supposed to perform at McCormick Place for the Scovill Manufacturing Co., whipped up *gazpacho* and apricot mousse in a suite at the Drake Hotel.

**Few Out-of-Towners?** The real, long-term economic damage was done to Chicago itself. Following housewares, 31 other major shows were scheduled at McCormick Place in coming months. Some 1,300,000 out-of-towners would have attended Chicago exhibitions this year, contributing close to \$325 million to the city's economy through their spending for rooms, meals, taxis, entertainment and purchases. The McCormick Place disaster may cut the take considerably.

By offering other facilities, the Chicago Convention Bureau by week's end had salvaged for sure 13 of the 31 scheduled exhibitions and expected to keep most of the rest. The bureau may have been whistling in the dark. Even while the wreckage smoldered, representatives of at least a dozen other convention-seeking cities flew into town. First they offered condolences. Then they set out to see how many lucrative conventions could be lured away to such places as Louisville, New York, Atlantic City and Houston.

Chicago's Democratic Mayor Richard J. Daley, meanwhile, had another big, related problem. One of the mayor's first post-fire acts was to appoint a panel to determine why a six-year-old exhibi-



McCORMICK PLACE IN RUINS  
The worst damage was to the city itself.



bition hall that had been built to outlast the Colosseum had no sprinkler systems or fire walls, and had burned down. Wondering also were such insurance companies as Travelers, Continental, and Interstate Fire & Casualty, who had written \$29,650,000 worth of insurance on McCormick Place on the say-so of their own inspectors, who estimated its maximum probable fire loss at less than 1% of the building's value.

## AGRICULTURE

### Orange Crush

The way Florida's hyperproductive orange growers see it, 1962 was a blessed year. The season was remarkably free from pests and blight, but a severe two-day cold snap came along as a record harvest was under way. The freeze ruined 35% of the crop—and saved the industry from an oversupply that might have left it in the red. This year, by contrast, the growers face catastrophe.

Cursed by unrelieved warmth and sun, and by new production from southern-Florida groves, the current crop will surpass last season's 100 million boxes (100 lbs. each) by 42 million. When the nine-month harvest ends in June, nearly 10 million boxes may be left to rot unsold. Oranges "on the tree" cost 75¢ a box to grow and last year brought a handsome \$1.25. They are now going at a distress price of 35¢ a box, leaving growers with the prospect of a \$50 million loss on the crop.

Frozen-concentrate processors, who buy 60% of the crop and thereby set the market, have slashed their prices by as much as 30%. In turn, supermarket chains in New York, Chicago and other areas last week cut frozen-juice prices from 18¢ or 20¢ to 15¢ per 6-oz. can. The end is nowhere in sight. "There's no way to stop the assembly line," wails Robert Rutledge, executive vice president of the Florida Citrus Mutual. "Only one power can pull the switch, and He hasn't sent us either frost or hurricane this year." Next to Him, the grower's best friend is Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman, who has agreed to buy at least 10 million gallons of frozen orange concentrate.

The Florida Citrus Commission last month doubled its advertising budget to \$10 million. Hurt by competition from such sweet but orangeless substitutes as General Foods' Awake, the industry wants to start adding sugar and artificial colors, now banned by Florida law except for test-marketing purposes. Processors are also working on new convenience ideas, including dehydrated instant o.j.

Still, the big problem of too much is likely to keep growing. Attracted by ample federal tax writeoffs on the cost of developing new groves, growers will have increased Florida's orange acreage from 500,000 to 800,000 acres by 1970. Barring a gendens, that adds up to a 200-million-box disaster.

## MERGERS

### Places to Put Them

Good management requires the ability—and willingness—to profit by a rival's example. Thus, after watching Pan American build its subsidiary chain of Inter-Continental Hotels into a highly profitable operation, Trans World Airlines decided to take similar care of its own globetrotting passengers. Last week TWA President Charles C. Tillinghast Jr. and Conrad N. Hilton, chairman and president of Hilton International Co., announced that they had reached a preliminary merger agreement.

Hilton International, since 1964 a separate corporate entity from the domestic chain, operates 34 hotels, plus two Nile-plying cruise ships. The company has reported revenue increases of almost 200% over the past five years,

## INDUSTRY

### Subtle Shift

One of the tastier rivalries in U.S. business involves the nation's two major wine-producing states: California and New York. California, with its sunny climate and rich soil, is far in the lead. It sells a full three-fourths of domestic wines (143 million gallons) and conducts a vast promotion campaign, currently featuring the barrel-chested baritone on horseback who peals (and pours) Gallo's praises on TV.

But New York producers can hoist their own glasses: though their some 35,000 acres of vineyard cannot match the Californians' 463,000 acres, their sales are growing faster. While California's share of the U.S. wine market has ebbed from 88% to 76% since 1950, New York's has grown from 7% to

PETER B. HICKY



BARRELED SHERRY AT NEW YORK STATE'S WIDMER'S WINERY  
With vines that hustle their bustles.

estimates that 1966 income will rise to \$122 million. Its hotels are located along a necklace of cities that would start even a stay-at-home packing. Among them: Acapulco, Paris, Athens, Bangkok and Hong Kong, all on present or pending TWA routes.

The proposed merger of the two companies, which will involve a stock swap and the retention of Hilton's name and penthouse-level management, comes at a propitious moment: TWA is negotiating for rights to new, competitive trans-Pacific routes that would include Tokyo and Honolulu, where Hilton hotels are waiting. Additionally, good hotel accommodations are scarce, foreign-financed hotel construction is stagnant, and by 1970, TWA will have a fleet of cavern-cabined Boeing 747 jets hauling hordes of passengers around the globe. "With more people flying and more planes carrying them," said a TWA spokesman, "it's obvious that we need a place to put them when they get where they're going."

In these figures, some wine experts detect a subtle taste shift from the inexpensive, sweet dessert wines of California to the drier and more dear (by as much as 50%) varieties produced in the harsher climates of upstate New York. In New York's wine-making Finger Lakes area, output of dry table wines is growing by 13% a year, against only 6% in California. Increased demand for premium table wines helped lift Taylor Wine Company, Inc.'s sales 11% to \$23 million last year.

While table varieties accounted for only 20% of U.S. wine sales 30 years ago, they are now up to 40%, and industry sources expect that they will reach 75% before long. New York producers plan to benefit most—and they archly dismiss the lushly productive vineyards of their California rivals. Says Ernest I. Reveal, president of Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc., the No. 2 New York vintner (after Taylor): "We like the fact that the vine has to hustle its bustle a bit to give us the required grape."

# WORLD BUSINESS

## INDONESIA

### Back to Business

The handsome Hotel Indonesia, built in Djakarta during the heyday of Sukarno and equipped with everything but paying guests, is suddenly bustling. Checking in last week for extended stays were businessmen from half a dozen nations. American executives, encouraged by the State Department and newly protected by the U.S. Government against investment losses caused by revolution or expropriation, came with plans for everything from stepping up tire production to developing tourism in the archipelago republic.

**Old Wrongs.** All this came in response to the fact that with Sukarno fading fast, the triumvirate that replaced him seems determined to rebuild Indonesia's commercial bridges. Many old wrongs remain to be righted before the new dreams can begin. When Sukarno in 1964 began forcing foreign firms into a plan called "production sharing"—a euphemism for expropriation—the U.S. investment alone in Indonesia amounted to more than \$520 million. Only two oil companies, Caltex (owned by Texaco and Standard Oil of California) and Stanvac (owned by Jersey Standard and Mobil), managed to keep operating. Other companies lost longtime investments: U.S. Rubber had to give up 54,000 acres of rubber plantation, and Goodyear Tire & Rubber lost two plantations and a tire plant at Bogor, near the capital. Though ridiculously low repayments were negotiated, no money has yet changed hands; a first order for the Sultan of Jogjakarta, the triumvirate member charged with economic development, is to work out settlements.

The Sultan and Indonesia's new boss Suharto have plenty of other economic

problems. Inflation is rampant, and Sukarno, who scorned foreign aid, left the country with massive international debts. Suharto's "New Order," though, is beginning to make some order out of the mess, with advice from the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. A moratorium has been arranged on debt repayments, a total of \$230 million in aid has been arranged from nations in both the East and West blocs, and Suharto hopes to achieve a balanced national budget of \$813 million this year. Most significantly, the Indonesian Congress last month passed a liberal investment law. It provides for a five-year tax holiday on new developments, relaxes import duties on new equipment, allows repatriation of profits, and offers fair compensation at such a time as the Indonesians are able to take over any industry and run it themselves. "We really need foreign capital for our nation's development," said Suharto in explaining the new law.

Lured by such overtures, old Indonesia hands are filtering back. U.S. Rubber has replaced its former Indonesian output through other plantations in Liberia and Malaysia, but it will likely buy Indonesian rubber. Goodyear is negotiating to return. Its first task if it does: to restore efficiency at the Bogor plant, where tire output is off two-thirds since U.S. managers were kicked out. Union Carbide hopes to reclaim its battery plant, may also start tungsten mining. Caltex, which recently signed a five-year \$50 million contract to supply the Indonesian government with lubricating oils and grease, has set aside \$10 million to open a new oil field in addition to its present 310,000 barrels-a-day operation; it will also construct additional pier facilities for tankers.

**New Investors.** Companies that never before operated in Indonesia are investigating the scene too. One visitor last week was Eastern Air Lines President Floyd Hall, in Djakarta to talk about the possibilities of a joint operation in the islands with Garuda Airways, the national airline. U.S. Steel is contemplating nickel mining in West Irian, Freeport Sulphur is surveying copper prospects, and no fewer than 19 companies are competing for the right to drill for offshore oil around the big islands of Sumatra, Java and Borneo.

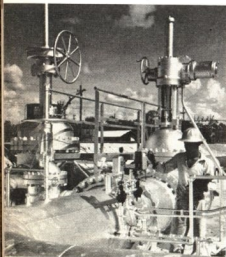
Americans, who may eventually spend about \$100 million altogether on Indonesian ventures, are getting competition from other nations. Among the 19 bidders for offshore oil rights are French, Canadian, Japanese and Australian companies. Italy's Lambretta is dickering to build a motor-scooter plant to put more of Indonesia's 107 million people on wheels. The Netherlands' Philips' Electric, through a subsidiary, intends to start a radio-parts factory.

For Suharto and his government, flattered by so many foreign arrivals, the texting time is still ahead. "The ideas," said one U.S. executive in Djakarta last week, "are all good, sound and logical. The big problem now is implementing these beautiful ideas." That may take a long while, but at least a start is being made.

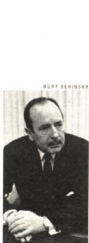
## FRANCE

### Tiger in the Bank

Two-thirds of the French banking industry dozes along under government ownership, and most private bankers are too timid to fight. The lone tiger is a bald dynamo of 66, Jean Reyre, president and director general of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas. With at least



CALTEX TANK FARM IN SUMATRA



HALL

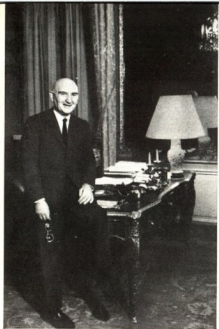


THE SULTAN



GOODYEAR PLANT AT BOGOR

Old hands to rebuild bridges to the world.



PARIBAS REYRE

*At least this one wants to fight.*

a small stake in almost every big French industry. Reyre's "Paribas" spreads its investments across the world. They range from manganese ore in Gabon and gold in South Africa to factories in India and Russia.

**Deals East & West.** Combining the functions of commercial and investment bankers in the U.S., Reyre last year helped to float half of France's stock issues and 90% of its bond issues. Through branches and subsidiaries in New York, London, Geneva, Brussels, Amsterdam, Milan and Madrid, he shared the underwriting of 50 international securities issues. He helped Poland and Czechoslovakia to finance machinery buying in the West, formed a joint European subsidiary with the U.S.'s Bank of America, backed Monaco's Prince Rainier in his battle with Greek Shipowner Aristotle Onassis.

Late last year, Reyre even tried to take over Columbia Pictures Corp. by buying 37% of its stock in a swift and surprising \$40 million raid. The U.S.'s Federal Communications Commission thwarted that move, but Paribas still expects to wind up with two seats on Columbia's board of directors. Last week Reyre reached across yet another border by announcing that Paribas has acquired a share in the West German business bank of S. J. Warburg. "He is very smart, very brave," says admiring Frank Manheim, a partner in Manhattan's Lehman Bros. "And he knows what he wants: to be the biggest banker in France."

**After Napoleon.** Reyre, a career banker who took charge of Paribas in 1948, has so far multiplied its assets tenfold, to \$1 billion. A constant innovator, he was the first French banker to bring out convertible bond issues, invest in the Sahara oil boom, and create an open-end investment fund to lure small

investors into the French stock market. Reyre commands his remarkable complex by speed, secrecy and a computer-like memory for figures. Helping to guide the destiny of more than 100 companies, he surrounds himself with young engineers, not bankers. "You can't invest in modern industry without understanding the ticklish technical questions," he says, "and it's a lot easier to teach an engineer finance than to teach a financier engineering." So well does that formula work that Paribas profits (\$5,000,000 last fiscal year) topped those of all other French banks, including the larger nationalized institutions.

Still a daring skier despite his age, Reyre also keeps a private hunting preserve (quail and pheasant) near Rambouillet and a country estate near Le Mesnil. Dispensing with his chauffeur, he likes to drive to the country in his beige 200-S Mercedes convertible, top down. One of the reasons why he would not live in New York, he recently said, "is because if you turned up at El Morocco with a starlet, everyone in town would immediately know about it." His private office, fittingly enough for a builder of financial empire, is the richly furnished sanctum where Napoleon married Josephine while her former lovers looked on. The room is classified as a historic monument, so Reyre is obliged to open it once a year to curious tourists. Fortunately for his love of privacy, few seize the opportunity.

## BRITAIN

### More than Half American

When Chrysler Corp. bought 30% of the voting shares of Britain's Rootes Motors Ltd. in 1964, the opposition Labor Party charged incumbent Conservatives with a sellout, voiced fears that the move would lead to U.S. domination of a major British industry. Laborites hooted at the Conservatives' assurances that Chrysler would not be allowed to increase its Rootes holdings substantially without government sanction. Last week, in a rather full circle, the Labor government found itself bestowing its blessing on a Chrysler takeover. Minister of Technology Anthony Wedgwood Benn announced approval of additional purchases of Rootes shares that will give Chrysler more than a two-thirds interest in Britain's sputtering, fourth-largest automaker.\*

All told, Chrysler will funnel some \$56 million into Rootes, which produces Humber, Hillman, Sunbeam and Singer automobiles and three lines of trucks. Half will be in the form of an outright loan; the rest will come from the purchase of additional shares, which will push Chrysler's total stock investment in Rootes to \$93 million. To damp the fiery protests in Parliament, most of which came from the Labor backbenchers, the complex refinancing arrange-

\* Behind British Motor Corp., British Ford and G.M.'s Vauxhall.

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ments will also call for Britain, through the state-run Industrial Reorganization Corp., to hold about 13% of Rootes voting stock.

The family-controlled Rootes firm, harried by labor troubles, lost \$8.4 million in the fiscal year that ended July 31, and estimates are for an additional deficit of \$13.3 million in the first six months of the current fiscal year. Moreover, ambitious expansion plans make a major infusion of new money absolutely man-

datory. About the only alternative to the Chrysler acquisition was one by government itself—and the Labor ministers wanted no part of that. "The takeover of Rootes by the British government," Mr. Wedgwood Benn explained, "would have involved massive sums of public money without any guarantee that Rootes would remain viable."

With Chrysler's acquisition of Rootes, U.S. firms will control more than half of the British auto industry.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Carol Burnett, 32, TV's antic ugly duckling, and Joseph Hamilton, 37, TV producer; their second daughter; in Santa Monica, Calif.

**Married.** Eleanor Clay Ford, 20, Detroit debutante with two Fords in her family, her mother, who was Edsel Ford's only daughter, and her industrial-designer father, whose ancestors (no cars, no kin) were Michigan high society long before the first Model T; and Frederic Avery Bourke Jr., 20, a junior at the University of Michigan.

**Married.** Paul Hornung, 31, pro football's "Golden Boy" since 1956, now contemplating retirement from the champion Green Bay Packers because of a chronic pinched nerve in his neck; and Pat Roeder, 29, aspiring actress; both for the first time; in Beverly Hills.

**Died.** Reese ("Goose") Tatum, 45, clown prince of basketball, star of the world-famed Harlem Globetrotters from 1942 to 1955 and since then with his own Harlem Magicians, a jolly black giant of a man who brought razzle-dazzle ball handling to the sort of high art and low comedy that earned him more at his peak (\$65,000 a year) than he could have made with a straight pro team; after a long illness; in El Paso.

**Died.** Ann Sheridan, 51, Hollywood's "Oomph Girl" of the 1930s, '40s and early '50s, whose red-haired beauty and deep velvet voice perfectly suited the gun molls and dance-hall girls she played in scores of potboilers (*Torrid Zone*) and some critical successes (*King's Row*), then, as her looks and the movie-land whirl (including marriages to Actors Edward Norris and George Brent) faded, went into semiretirement until last year, when she married Actor Scott McKay and made a comeback in CBS's comedy series, *Pistols 'n' Petticoats*; of cancer; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** Barney Ross, 57, prizefighter, who won three (lightweight, junior welterweight and welterweight) world titles in the 1930s, and a couple of important other victories in later life; of throat cancer; in Chicago. The son of a Chicago shopkeeper, Ross was a bookish 14-year-old studying to be a Hebrew

teacher when his father was murdered by two hoodlums, who subsequently went free on a technicality. Raging at the law, Barney took to the streets himself, finally became a fighter to feed his family. His boxing style was all guts—and so was his style as a U.S. Marine on Guadalcanal in 1942, when he killed 22 of the enemy while guarding three wounded buddies and nursing his own wounds. That action got him a Silver Star, along with narcotics addiction from overdoses of painkilling morphine. But he eventually beat that, too, because as he once said: "A champion has the right to pick the way he goes, and I want to go out like a champion."

**Died.** Jesse W. Tapp, 67, board chairman from 1955 to 1965 of the Bank of America, the world's largest bank, an indefatigable economist specializing in agricultural financing who was director of the Commodity Credit Corp. for six years during the Depression, was lured to "the bank for little people" by then President L. M. Giannini in 1939, and helped boost B.O.A.'s assets from \$2 billion to \$16 billion while acting as an agricultural adviser to five Presidents, including Dwight Eisenhower, whose farm programs he helped formulate in 1953; of arteriosclerosis; in San Francisco.

**Died.** Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, 82, Floradora Girl of the early 1900s and central figure in one of this century's most sensational crimes of passion; in Santa Monica, Calif. Sixteen, nubile and stage-struck, Evelyn arrived in Manhattan from Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1901, joined the chorus line, became the mistress of famed Architect Stanford White (Pennsylvania Station), and later married a weak-minded millionaire playboy named Harry K. Thaw—whom she goaded with lurid tales of her escapades with White. On June 25, 1906, Thaw walked up to White in a cabaret, and without a word put three bullets in his head—whereupon Evelyn went to her husband's defense, helped get him acquitted on grounds of insanity. Thaw spent 15 years in and out of asylums and eventually divorced Evelyn. When he died in 1947, he left her \$10,000. A Philadelpia chorus girl whom he had met only once got \$40,000.



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## ART

### PAINTING

#### A Man with Influence

The burglars who rifled London's Dulwich College Picture Gallery this month showed impeccable taste. They left second-rate works behind (*TIME*, Jan. 13), but briefly made off with some \$7,000, 000 worth of paintings by old masters, notably Rembrandt, Rubens—and Adam Elsheimer.

One of the most influential early-17th century painters, Elsheimer is one of those least known by today's public. Goethe praised his "true feeling for nature." Rembrandt copied his technique. Rubens collected his works and, when Elsheimer died at 32 in 1610, lamented: "Never again will there be a substitute for his art."

**Penalty of Smallness.** At last, the full sweep of his art can be seen in a retrospective exhibit. The Städelsches Kunstinstitut in Elsheimer's native Frankfurt has collected 44 of his works from both sides of the Iron Curtain—East and West Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Madrid's Prado, and London's Wellington Museum.

His oils show colors that were applied in microscopic strokes with the finest brushes. "In his day," said Rubens, "he had no equal in painting landscapes and small figures." Elsheimer also added to Renaissance clarity the mystery of nighttime. In *The Burning of Troy*, the city appears as a torchlit stage set, a darkened theater aflame with pillage, while the Trojan horse looms like a giant opera prop. In *Flight to Egypt*, Joseph leads Mary and the young Jesus on the donkey through a nocturnal romance of moonlight reflected in a silvery pond. Many elements of this theme were reproduced in Rubens' later painting of the same name. Elsheimer kept his format small—and that is one reason why his fame is small. His *Glorification of the Cross* wedges a battalion of saints, martyrs, angels, popes and kings, all in a state of translucent levitation, onto a 12-in. by 18-in. painting. A Roman contemporary of his described it as "one of the greatest works of mankind, if it only could have been ten times its size."

**Fatal Partnership.** Elsheimer's output was also relatively small because he worked slowly, with excruciating exactitude—a quality that caused the prolific Rubens to mistakenly flail his "laziness." Though he was a painter's painter, wide-

ly hailed by the best of his day, few of his intimates really knew much about him. Son of a Hessian distiller, Elsheimer at 20 made the painter's pilgrimage to Venice, where he captured in his brushwork the decaying city's luminous sea-shimmering colors. Soon he moved to Rome, then a restless, intellectual capital, where a painter could fairly easily reach a prince's table. But he sank into poverty. Elsheimer married an older Scottish widow—he used her as a model for his *Judith Slaying Holofernes*—and to meet her lust for good living, he made a fatal partnership. In return for a steady stipend from a wealthy



ELSHEIMER'S "GLORIFICATION OF THE CROSS"  
Moonlight under a microscope.

engraver, he agreed to rush out paintings for reproduction on copper plates. Unable to keep up the flow, however, he was thrown into the San Pietro debtors' prison. Only the intervention of Pope Paul V rescued him after months in the dungeons, but Elsheimer was so weakened by the experience that he died a few weeks later. His widow promptly remarried, and the engraver went on selling Elsheimer's work without so much as including his signature.

As a result, much that was Elsheimer's does not carry his name. But art historians have definitely identified many of his works through his distinctive style and meticulous brush strokes. With the long-overdue showing in Frankfurt, Elsheimer should regain some of the high reputation that he held among his contemporaries.

## EXHIBITIONS

### Cleveland's Medieval Treasure

To the tourist traveling through France, medieval art seems just one dark cathedral after another. He is rarely aware that many of the gargoyles, crockets and spires that he sees are merely 19th century replicas designed to replace what time and the French Revolution destroyed. The artistic magnificence of a millennium in which man rose to the confidence of the Renaissance has been largely scattered—and there is more to it than what is found in churches.

A remarkable sampling of it has been brought together by the Cleveland Museum in its current exhibition of "Treasures from Medieval France." The 165 works on view are a splendid assemblage of illuminated manuscripts, tapestries, reliquaries, stained glass and jewelry. This panoply proves that the medieval era from A.D. 500 to A.D. 1500 was as rich as the Renaissance.

Christianity was the theme, and a thousand years of it display the changes that occurred in man's interpretation of his deity. At first, the Christian story appears as a happy parable. One early 9th century object produced by Charlemagne's workshop is an ivory plaque symbolic of its time (see opposite page). Christ is the central figure, triumphant despite his torment on the cross. The Second Coming, which some Christians had hoped would take place in the year 1000, appears as a future inevitability to the artist. High in the iconography is the hand of God reaching down to pull men to heaven.

**Stark Mortality.** Romanesque art gradually came to express a sense of impending doom. In some works, God became a magistrate of man's fate. The Last Judgment replaced the Crucifixion as a popular subject. In a fragment of a 12th century tympanum, or semicircular panel atop a doorway, the Apostles appear garbed in ordinary robes, looking toward the missing figure of God. The significance lies in the stark mortality of Matthew, Peter, Paul and John, portrayed like any common men before the terror of God. The 13th century Gothic period was more orderly than awe-struck. A stained-glass lancet window shows Christ's passion in five panels set in an interlace of jewel-like embroidery. Christ ascends toward heaven by vignettes—from betrayal, to entombment. Later, as the terror of the apocalypse grew wearying, the Virgin Mary became more prominent. The Christ Child's figure became relatively smaller and the Virgin's larger and more feminine. With their rediscovery of Greek art by the 15th century, artists only made God more the image of man than vice versa.

The exhibition in Cleveland shows the workings of man's hands in reshaping those images—not just exalting beliefs but also expressing doubts.



GOthic PASSION OF CHRIST  
SHOWN IN ASCENDING PANES  
OF STAINED GLASS FROM SENS



TREASURY OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT MARTIN, NANCY

CAROLINGIAN CRUCIFIXION IN IVORY



CHURCH OF SAINT MARTIN, ST. GILES

ANGELS AND APOSTLES ADORN PORTAL OF 12TH CENTURY PROVENCE CHURCH

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



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# MEDICINE

## HEMATOLOGY

### Overprotected Bleeders

Hemophiliacs are taught from earliest childhood to fear the slightest cut or bruising injury. And with good reason, despite new ways of improving the blood's clotting properties. But too much fear can be as bad as too little. After years of study of young hemophiliacs in Cleveland, Psychiatrists David P. Agle and Ake Mattsson have concluded that overemphasis on the dangers of the disease, working through psychosomatic mechanisms, may actually increase the frequency of bleeding.

Often, because of guilt feelings in the mother who cannot suffer from hemophilia but has transmitted it to her son,\* a young bleeder is maternally overprotected. The father feels left out and takes little interest in the boy. Even legitimate parental concern for a hemophiliac son's safety can transmit unnecessarily restrictive fears to him. The reaction in either case, says Dr. Agle, can be self-destructive. In an effort to deny his fears, the hemophiliac boy may take what are, for him, absurd risks by jumping from trees, riding motorcycles and even picking fist fights.

Far more worrisome, doctors have found, is that emotional imbalance can lead to spontaneous bleeding without any apparent physical cause. The doctors are not sure just how the psychosomatic triggering operates, but Dr. Agle points out that even in normally healthy people, anger, anxiety and resentment can badly weaken capillary walls. The treatment for such emotional problems is no more clear-cut than it is in ordinary psychiatry. But the two doctors have now started weekly group meetings for parents of 30 Cleveland hemophiliacs under 21. The lesson they try to teach: your son certainly needs extra care, but he is a human being. Overprotection may have tragic results.

## SURGERY

### A Marine Speaks Again

Lance Corporal Walter Lopata made medical history last week when he sat up in his Boston hospital bed and said, "Hello—how are you?" He probably could have said more, but the doctors wouldn't let him try, lest he damage the delicate needlework in his throat. For Lopata had no larynx or vocal cords. These were removed in October after they had been torn to shreds by fragments from a Viet Cong grenade. What he had was a reconstructed throat, the

first of its kind in the U.S. and probably in the world.

**Skin Valve.** Most patients who lose the larynx are cancer victims. These number about 6,000 a year in the U.S., and more than half of them learn to speak again by swallowing huge gulps of air. When they bring it up, it makes the throat muscles vibrate at a fixed, almost toneless pitch, in what Dr. William W. Montgomery of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary calls "an educated burp." Every time Surgeon Montgomery has done a laryngectomy, he has longed for a way to give the patient something better than this burping speech. He saw the results of brave attempts in Japan and by Los Angeles' Dr. Alden Miller. But whenever these patients swallowed anything, they had to press a finger against their throats to close their artificial windpipes, to keep food and fluids out of their lungs.

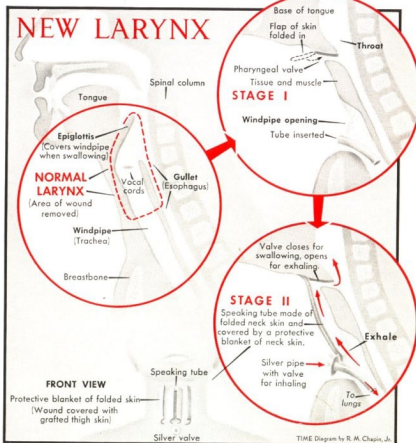
Dr. Montgomery felt he had figured out a way to get around this, and the young Marine for whom he was called into consultation at Chelsea Naval Hospital was an ideal patient for the first operation. Lopata, 25, was essentially healthy, with no cancerous tissues to hamper healing, and a leg wound that would keep him in the hospital for weeks.

Appropriately, it was on Veterans

Day last November that Dr. Montgomery and Navy Surgeon Robert Toohill embarked upon the first stage of restoring his speech. To make sure that Lopata's reconstructed windpipe would not let food into his lungs, they built an artificial valve just below the base of his tongue (see diagram) by cutting into his throat and turning two flaps of skin inward. Lopata had been breathing for a month through a hole lower down in his neck. The surgeons fitted this hole with a tube through which he could breathe, and made another opening above it in preparation for the next phase.

**Thigh Flaps.** After two months of healing came the crucial second stage. Where almost three inches of windpipe (trachea) was missing above the neck opening, Dr. Montgomery constructed a new windpipe from flaps of skin obtained from vertical cuts down the neck. To cover the gaps left by removal of these flaps, he took still other strips from Lopata's thighs. Into the windpipe opening went a valved silver tube.

The theory is that the muscular action of swallowing will automatically close Lopata's new pharyngeal valve; he will continue to inhale through the silver tube, but when he exhales, the air will go past the closed tube and activate the valve at the top of the windpipe. This will serve as a substitute voice box, and Dr. Montgomery is confident that Lopata's speech will be superior to a "burp."



\* Classical hemophilia, resulting from the absence of a clotting factor from the blood, is carried in an X chromosome. The mother-carrier, with one such abnormal chromosome, derives it from her father. West Germany's Dr. Widukind Lenz, of thalidomide fame, now reports that the risk of a woman's inheriting such a mutation increases sharply with the father's age at the time of her conception.

## MODERN LIVING

### CHILDREN

#### New Ease in Adoptions

After a ten-month legal battle, Mr. and Mrs. Michael T. Liuni, of Tillson, N.Y., last week adopted 4½-year-old Beth, their foster child since infancy. The local welfare commissioner had sought to place the girl elsewhere, largely because of the Liunis' age (both are 48), income (\$8,900) and the fact that, while they are dark-eyed and swarthy Italian-Americans, Beth is a blue-eyed blonde. Not surprisingly, a county court overruled the commissioner, but the national publicity that surrounded the case gave a falsely bleak

1940.\* At the same time, the Depression-born ranks of people aged 25 to 35, who most commonly want to adopt children, are proportionately slender now. There are still many more young couples wanting children than there are available infants. But the ratio, once 10 to 1, is now down to 5 to 1 in small towns, 3 to 1 in New York and other Eastern cities. In California and Florida, where many unmarried pregnant women go to have their babies—presumably to combine a vacation with a secret confinement—there is a surfeit of available infants.

Most adoption agencies no longer insist that applicants must be affluent and

pers. "Independent placement" is not illegal in most states as long as no baby broker receives a profit for arranging the deal, but it can produce painful complications. If, as often happens, the natural mother knows who the new parents are, she can subsequently turn up and try to reclaim her child.

It is far harder to find homes for Negro, Indian, Puerto Rican or Mexican-American children than for babies born to white Protestant or Catholic mothers (Jewish babies are in the shortest supply). Close to 90% of the children adopted today are white, though about 60% of all illegitimate babies are colored. The average waiting period for a white adopted child varies from five to nine months in Los Angeles to one year or more in New York; but any white couple willing to take a Negro or Indian child is likely to have it arrive so fast that they do not even have time for one last night on the town without a baby sitter. Probably no more than 500 to 1,000 families have taken multiracial children, but the results are usually heartening.

Minneapolis Tribune Reporter Joe Rigert, 35, and his wife, Jan, 32, are the parents of a little league of nations: six children, ranging in age from 1½ to 14, and in race from white to Japanese-Irish, East Indian-Mexican, white-Negro, Indian-Negro. Only one in that brood is the Rigerts' natural child. But when strangers ask the inevitable "Are they all yours?", the answer is plainly, and truthfully, affirmative.

### THE MARKETPLACE

#### How Not to Buy

##### An Early American Dry Sink

Though Americans delight in newness, their interest in antiques continues to grow. One indication is that attendance at Manhattan's blue-ribbon, ten-day 1967 Winter Antiques Show, which opened last week, has doubled in the past decade and is expected to reach 30,000 this year. Another sign is inflation; prices in the past year have commonly risen 5% to 10%—and sometimes much more. Demand would be even greater if more people felt confident that they could distinguish fine pieces from fakes. Unfortunately, the amateur shopping at a seaside "gift shoppe" is all too likely to wind up paying \$50 for a \$10 copy of a \$500 original.

A savvy guide to fakery, *Antiques You Can Decorate With*, has just been published (Doubleday; \$4.95), and it tells the amateur how to spot the ingenious techniques used by practitioners of the minor art of "antique manufacturing." The author, George Grotz, 44, started out as a spare-time furniture refinisher, steeped himself in the subject for 15 years, wrote several books as well as a \$1 pamphlet, *From Gunk to Glow*, the sales of which have reached 800,000. Grotz (rhymes with gloats) maintains that modern-day "antique



THE RIGERTS & THEIR LITTLE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

So fast there isn't even time for one last night on the town.

picture of the state of adoptions in the U.S. today.

Red tape and prejudice continue to create some snafus and snafus, but the outlook for people who really want somebody else's children is brighter than ever. Federal welfare officials estimate that 2,000,000 of the 80 million Americans under 18 live with adoptive parents. The number of adoptions has increased more than 50% in the past decade, from 93,000 to 142,000 annually. Reason for the rise is a basic shift in supply and demand: more babies than ever are available for adoption. When it comes to prospective adoptive parents, says Louise Guenther, coordinator of Washington state's adoptive agencies, "we are the seekers now, not the critics."

**Money & Religion.** About 80% of the adopted children are born to unwed mothers, and, despite vastly improved methods of birth control, the loosening of moral standards has trebled the official illegitimacy rate in the U.S. since

childless. In Texas, families with incomes as low as \$3,000 have been allowed to take children, and Los Angeles County has placed some with families on relief. The old thumb rule that the parents' combined ages could not exceed 80 is largely gone. California and several other states have permitted a few unmarried women to adopt children.

The toughest remaining barrier is religion. Such states as New York and Massachusetts generally refuse to grant adoptions to couples of mixed religions, or nonbelievers.

**Race & Results.** Fewer and fewer child-seeking parents have to patronize the "grey market"—that is, to bypass the formal agencies and deal with a doctor who delivers an illegitimate child. The costs run from \$1,000 to \$2,000; the adoptive parents usually pay the mother's hospital bills, plus a lawyer's fees for drawing up legal adoption pa-

\* From 7.1 to 23.4 births per 1,000 single women of childbearing age (15 to 44).

manufacturers" can be found not only in Italy, France and Hong Kong. There are plenty in New England and Manhattan. Mostly they are carpenters and cabinetmakers. More than a few are dealers.

**Making of a Fake.** What are the common imitations? Grotz lists 18th century and early 19th century cast-iron toys, banks and trivets, wooden signs, student lamps, Sandwich glass, Hitchcock chairs and Franklin stoves (the copies cost as much as the originals). Another popular fake is the "ancestor" painting—an anonymous portrait that the dealer sells by observing that it looks so much like the customer. As for Early American cabinetwork, the author estimates that no less than 80% of what is passed off today as 18th century dry sinks\* and chests of drawers is in fact mass-produced, late 19th century "cottage furniture."

The faker strips such pieces with lye or paint remover; he refinishes them with stain, oil or varnish, sands their corners, and then "distresses" them with chains and mallets—that is, he gives them a good pounding to lend the battered allure of great age. The suspicious customer should examine the drawers of wooden pieces. Fakes are often hinged together by eight to ten machine-made dovetails; the genuine article has three to five irregularly shaped, hand-carved dovetails.

Antique counterfeits also build cupboards from the broad boards in the attics of old houses. To detect these, buyers should check the board ends to see whether they were sawed off with an electrical circular saw, which leaves curved lines, and look for nail holes plugged with plastic wood in places where a cupboard needs no nail at all. Then, says Grotz, there are the "cute little Early American pine three-drawer chests that are only as high as a Victorian commode." They are just that, with the lower doors removed and two drawers fitted into the space where the old thunder mugs were kept.

**Speculation & Opportunity.** The simplest way to avoid being sold a fake, says Grotz, is to stick with a reputable dealer or else buy merchandise that has not yet become remote enough in time or expensive enough for the fakers to bother with it. He believes that regardless of its age or esthetic quality, an antique is essentially "something out of the past that reminds us of a way of life that was different from our own." Samples of Late Victoriana offer sound opportunities for long-term appreciation. Speculative buyers might also pick up pieces from the 1920s, like clear plastic beds or early plywood furniture. "A hundred years from now," predicts Grotz, "dealers will still be complaining that they can't find any of the good stuff any more. You know, the stuff with real character—like Early Plywood!"

\* So named because the water had to be pumped or poured in.

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# MUSIC

## CONDUCTORS

### Fire in the Belly

When Peter Grimes, Benjamin Britten's dour saga of a doomed fisherman, was first produced at the Metropolitan Opera in 1948, one patron was so outraged that he spat through the box-office window. Badly sung, unimaginatively staged, poorly conducted, the opera sank with barely a ripple.

Last week the Met revived Peter



DAVIS REHEARSING "PETER GRIMES"  
Never in the mirror.

Grimes, and this time it was smooth sailing. Tenor Jon Vickers sang the title role with complete conviction; Director Tyrone Guthrie's staging was fittingly roughhewn and seafaring. But for most of the audience, the true center of interest was the Met debut of British Conductor Colin Davis. One of the world's top young maestros, Davis, along with the Los Angeles Philharmonic's Zubin Mehta and the Berlin Radio Orchestra's Lorin Maazel, is among the front-running candidates to succeed Leonard Bernstein when he steps down as musical director of the New York Philharmonic in 1969.

**Underlying Waves.** No glamour boy on the podium, Davis guided the Met orchestra through Britten's surging score with the firm and unerring hand of a ship's captain riding out a sou'wester. His precise baton gave full play to the music's quick, dramatic climaxes, while deftly sustaining the rhythms of wind and waves. His beat was decisive, his attack well balanced and logical.

A sturdily built, wavy-haired man with a Mozartean profile, Davis has about him an air of modesty that is all but unknown in his ego-happy profession. He disdains publicity, regards the rantings and ravings of fellow conductors as a bloody bore. "At the Met," he says, "they seem surprised that I don't get excited or demented. But I feel it's important not to work yourself up in

rehearsals. If you do, then there is nothing left for the performance."

Years ago, when he taught himself his trade by beating out rhythms to accompany phonograph records, he even refrained from watching himself in the mirror as most conductors do. He was worried that he, like so many others, might "become entranced with myself."

**Odd Glances.** Back in London such attributes have endeared Davis to the music fraternity, and he is universally praised as the finest conductor to come out of Britain in 30 years. He began as a clarinet player with the Glyndebourne Orchestra, moved to the Sadler's Wells Opera as principal conductor in 1960 and distinguished himself with his command of the Mozart, Stravinsky and Berlioz repertory. Calm and controlled in action, Davis is respected by his musicians as "one of the few English conductors with real fire in his belly."

Now 39, Davis lives in a modest century-old house in London with his Persian wife Shamsi and their two-month-old son. In September, he will become musical director of the BBC Symphony Orchestra, the youngest conductor ever appointed to the prestigious job. Not surprisingly, he scoffs at the accent on his youth. He insists that he is already experiencing "the odd and beautiful glimpses of objectivity" that come with advancing years. "When you are young you are attacked by music as a disease, and you try to get something out of it that it can't possibly give. The older you get the more you find that simple answers are always the best."

## SINGERS

### Soulin' & Sweet-Talkin'

For more than ten years, most U.S. jazz polls have named Frank Sinatra the top male vocalist. Now, for the first time, a rank outsider suddenly shows every sign of deposing the "Chairman of the Board." Lou Rawls is his name, and "soulin'" is his game.

The elusive, bittersweet quality that gives bite to the blues, soulin' is a Rawls specialty. His style is all his own. Drawing from a mixed bag of songs, he improvises effortlessly within a three-octave range, spiraling up to a keening, gospel wail, then swooping down to a gritty, resonant bottom. Betwixt and between, he intersperses rhythmic lickety-split soliloquies. He will lead into *Streetcorner Hustler's Blues*, for example, by telling of a two-timing hippie who pleads with his knife-wielding wife to take his white-on-white Cadillac "but just don't cut my newsuit 'cause I just got it out of the pawnshop and I gotta have my front sol can keep making my game." The tumbling litanies lend a lively, misanthropic twist to the songs' plaintive themes.

**From Chitlins to Champagne.** No one is more dazzled by the sudden mass acceptance of the Rawls style than Rawls

himself. Only four months ago, he completed what he hopes was his last engagement on the "chitlin circuit"—a string of small Negro nightclubs such as Cleveland's Corner Tavern, San Francisco's Sugar Hill, St. Louis' Riviera. In most of them, the singer perches on a dime-sized platform above the bar and tries to make himself heard above the jangle of the cash register and the jangle of the audience. And it was in just such places that Rawls learned how to grab attention by spitting out rapid-fire monologues about anything that came to mind. Then, when everybody sat up to ask "What did he say?", he would slyly slide into a song.

Now that Rawls is riding the champagne circuit, his audiences are as attentive as seers at a séance. But he still talks, talks, talks. Rewardingly so. In a performance at Carnegie Hall last week, on the first of a series of tours booked into virtually every major U.S. nightclub and concert hall, his blend of spiel and song was an unqualified success.

**On the Outskirts.** A baby-faced hantamweight of 31, Rawls prepped in the choir loft of the Greater Mount Olive Baptist Church on Chicago's South Side. In 1959, he began scuffling around the chitlin circuit, patrolling the outskirts of success with a series of recordings that at various times labeled him as a jazz, pop, gospel and even folk singer. Then, early last year, he decided to dish up some good old chitlin-style singing and sweet-talking. He invited a bunch of friends to the recording studio and recorded *Lou Rawls LIVE!* to their finger-popping, hand-clapping accompani-



RAWLS AT CARNEGIE HALL  
Off the dime.

ment. The album took off. In a few short months Rawls was commanding \$5,000 for a one-night stand.

Today, sporting a powder-blue tuxedo, monogrammed shirt cuffs, alligator shoes and a diamond ring on his pinkie, Rawls is savoring the sweet life to the utmost. After all, he said last week as he looked back on his grubbing chitlin days, "I paid my dues."



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If you had been reading FORTUNE back in March, 1953, it would have told you about a novelty called the transistor. (One reader, a Japanese businessman, took the hint. Today the Sony Corp. does an annual volume of over \$100 million.)

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RENNIE & OBERON IN "HOTEL"  
Never out of control.

**Clean Towels & Dirty People**

*Hotel* is a \$4,500,000 renovation of *Grand Hotel*. The 1932 movie, based on a novel by Vicki Baum, was a gaudy old fleabag with a startling number of star boarders: Greta Garbo, the Barrymore brothers, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt. The new movie, based on a 1965 bestseller by Arthur Hailey that was little more than bum Baum, transposes the premises from Berlin to New Orleans but still provides the customers with a generous supply of clean towels and dirty people.

Room 1415, the Presidential Suite, is occupied by Michael Rennie and Merle Oberon, the Duke and Duchess of Croydon, who have a bloody mess on their hands. The duke, a bit of a dipso, kills a small boy while driving drunk. The duchess is a Lady Macbeth in mink who fears that a scandal will stall her husband's diplomatic career and persuades him to step on the gas so he won't have to stand up in court. A little petrol does not clear them of the deed, however. Richard Conte, the unscrupulous house detective, puts two and two together and decides that they add up to \$10,000—blackmail.

Room 1451 is occupied by Karl Malden, a coxcomical klepto whose life is a dreary succession of practically empty wallets ("It's those damn credit cards!") until one day he sidles into the duke's suite and stumbles out with 1) a face that seems to have glimpsed the beatific vision, and 2) an attaché case that contains the blackmail payments.

Room 1026, the Audubon Suite, is occupied by Kevin McCarthy and Catherine Spaak, a hotel tycoon and the ornamental mistress he has purchased with his profits. A pious fraud who prays before he preys, McCarthy is determined by deal or steal to make the charming old hotel of the title just one more link in his chain. In an attempt to corrupt Hotel Manager Rod Taylor, McCarthy shamelessly offers him Spaak as a bribe. Rod likes, she likes. In the

**CINEMA**

end, the villain misses a mistress and is out in an inn.

All the character-crammed plots and subplots are synchronized by Director Richard Quine like cars in a well-run elevator bank. Something is always moving, nothing is ever out of control. The color is warm, the performances are solid, the talk is sensible—much more sensible, in fact, than it was in the novel. Paying guests will have a pleasant stay in this *Hotel*, and experience a mild but genuine regret at check-out time.

**Darc Horse**

*Galia*, "I am waiting for an adventure," sighs a pretty young Parisienne one balmy moonlight night as she casually flips a bright new franc into the Seine. As the coin sinks, an adventure rises magically to meet her in the form of an unhappy young woman (Françoise Prevost) who is trying to drown herself. Galia hustles her home for a stiff toddy and a stiffer talking-to. "I did it because my husband plays around," the woman explains piteously, and she implores Galia to find out if the *filiu* has begun to miss her.

Galia agrees, and gaily runs off to begin the intrigue that makes *Galia* the sleeper of the season and reveals Mireille Darc, the 28-year-old actress who plays the title role, as France's most exciting new screen queen.

Galia is disgusted by her first glimpse of the husband (Venantino Venantini), one of those suavely swordid Italian knights of the bedchamber. But before long the girl falls so wildly in love that the fellow can do anything he wants. What he chooses to do modulates this comedy from a sophisticated situation movie into an ingenious killer-diller.

Directed by Georges Lautner, *Galia* comes on so casually that the picture is half gone before the customer realizes what skillful cinema he is seeing. Recognition is instant, however, in the case of Actress Darc. Lean as a bean and chic as a cheetah, she has rather good looks, amazingly good moves and a sensibility as volatile as a Parisian taxi meter.

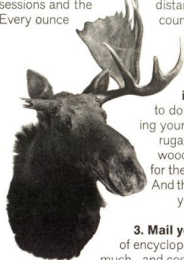


DARC IN "GALIA"  
Ever so casually.

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**9. Don't play hard to get.** To be kept informed about your shipment, be sure the mover knows where to reach you during the course of your move. And, remember, when the van arrives you have to be ready to accept your possessions. If you aren't, they could end up in storage and that'll cost you.

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FLEMING & MASON IN "AFFAIR"  
Always the betrayal.

**Living Lies**

**The Deadly Affair.** Novelist John le Carré has set himself up as the psychoanalyst of the cold war. In *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, which was made into the most intelligent suspense movie of 1965, he candled the head of an aging agent and found all the sickness of the century inside. In *Call for the Dead*, an early le Carré thriller that has now been made into an entertaining but less original film, he calls in another sad old spy to define the meaning of treason in our time.

Again the hero is a nice man caught up in a nasty business, a middle-aged British agent (James Mason) assigned to check out an official (Robert Fleming) in the Foreign Office who has been anonymously denounced as a Russian spy. Same day investigation starts, subject is found dead. Police report suicide, Mason suspects murder. Suspicion leads down a corpse-strewn trail of betrayal that ends at the hero's own door. The dead man has been betrayed by his wife (Simone Signoret), a Russian agent. The wife in turn is betrayed by the spymaster (Maximilian Schell) who employs her. The spymaster then betrays the hero, a longtime friend, by seducing his sex-starved wife (Harriet Andersson). But the hero, in the last analysis, perpetrates the ultimate betrayal: he is false to himself.

Scenarist Paul Dehn, who also wrote the script for *Spy*, this time too often jumps the main track of the tale to lolly-gag along a branch line, and Director Sidney Lumet (*The Group*) has either miscast or misdirected some of his principals. Mason and Signoret, however, are pathetically impressive as a couple of mice wandering in a maze designed for rats. And as a whole, the film convincingly elucidates in a modern instance why Dante consigned traitors to the very pit of hell. Le Carré similarly perceives treason as a spiritual attitude underlying the political act. His traitors are liars who live out their lie. His meaning of treason is the loss of self.

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## BOOKS

### Games Some People Play

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt. 307 pages. Houghton Mifflin, \$6.

It would be hard to find a literary collaboration more ill conceived than this one—a psychoanalytic post-mortem conducted on a U.S. President by two men who were admittedly prejudiced against their subject, and based on second- or third-hand information. Together, they framed a savage posthumous assault that depicts Thomas



Freud & Bullitt in 1938  
Chapter in verse.

Woodrow Wilson as a Messianic but effeminate zealot hovering on the brink of insanity. It is all the more remarkable because it is not the work of some pop-psych practitioner but bears the name of the founder of psychoanalysis himself. On this showing, if not on others, Freud puts psychoanalysis in the category of myth and poetry rather than that of scientific examination.

**Idealistic Aide.** William C. Bullitt, now 75, at the end of World War I was an idealistic young State Department aide whose distinguished diplomatic career as Franklin Roosevelt's Ambassador to Soviet Russia and France still lay in the future. He served briefly on Wilson's peace commission in Paris but was agast at what he considered the President's capitulation to the vengeful demands of Germany's European conquerors. Moreover, Bullitt had extracted from Lenin what he took to be a promise to limit the spread of

Bolshevism substantially to Moscow and its environs. When he brought this message to Wilson, the President showed no interest.

In a stiff letter of resignation to Wilson, Bullitt expressed his concern that "our government has consented now to deliver the suffering peoples of the world to new oppressions, subjections and dismemberments." To illustrate his conviction, he began organizing a book about Wilson, Lenin, Clemenceau, Orlando and Lloyd George.

When Bullitt confided his purpose to his friend Sigmund Freud, the Viennese psychiatrist instantly fell in with the idea. Indeed, he took charge: he wanted to set a hand to the chapter about Wilson. In the ensuing collaboration, the chapter became the book. Wilson had fascinated Freud since his discovery that they were born in the same year—1856—and, more particularly, he blamed Wilson because his personal estate of \$30,000 had dwindled away into nothing during the inflationary postwar period. Freud candidly confesses his bias in this book: "The figure of the American President, as it rose above the horizons of Europeans, was from the beginning unsympathetic to me, and this aversion increased the more severely we suffered from the consequences of his intrusion into our destiny."

As their work took form, the co-authors disputed over its content. Ten years passed. In 1938, at a final meeting in London, they reached agreement, but out of compassion decided to defer publication until the death of Wilson's second wife, Edith Galt. She died five years ago, and the book—presumably unrevised since 1938—has now been released.

**God & the Son.** The authors base their psychoanalysis on the premise that "Tommy Wilson's father was the great love object" of his life. A spellbinding Presbyterian minister who led family-prayer sessions five times a day, the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson came to assume the dimensions of deity in the eyes of his worshipful first son. "Until after he was 40," writes Ray Stannard Baker, the official Wilson biographer quoted in this volume, "Woodrow Wilson never made an important decision of any kind without first seeking his father's advice."

This relationship cast Wilson's father as God, and demanded that the son view himself as Christ, the son of God—or so say Freud and Bullitt. At the same time, this too-deep devotion to his father caused young Tommy Wilson to suppress the aggressive instincts that a growing boy normally directs against his male parent. The authors state flatly that Wilson "never had a fist fight in his life" and did not participate in sports or games of any kind, although they contradict themselves later. Bullitt and Freud insist that Wilson grew up

virtually shorn of the traits of manliness; his use of gentle persuasion rather than forcefulness was to them a sure sign that feminine characteristics had taken the upper hand.

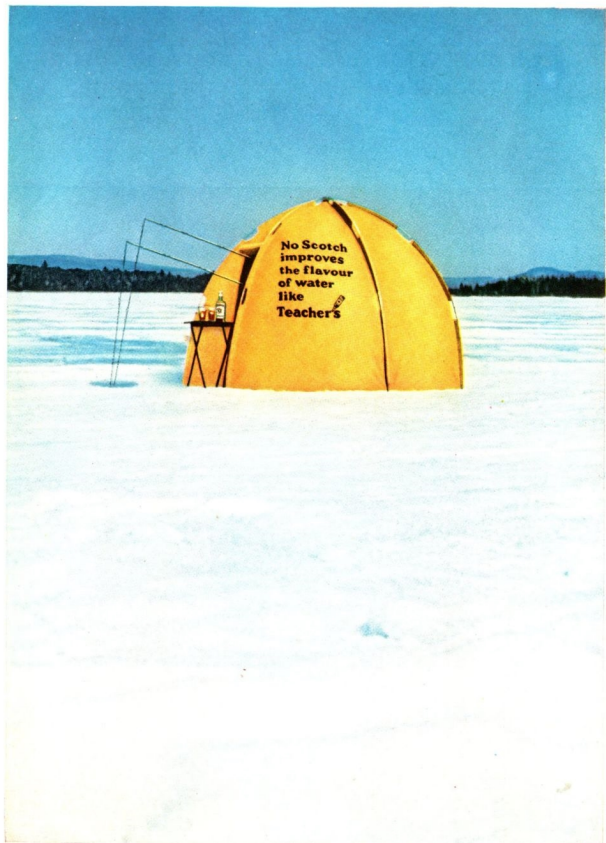
**Feminine Mind.** Everything that Wilson ever did or said is explained against this matrix. In a letter to his first wife, Wilson referred to "the flutter and restlessness" of his spirits. By using the word "flutter," Wilson betrayed a quality "so feminine in its connotations that one should hesitate to employ it to describe a man." When Wilson ascribed to Premier Clemenceau "a kind of feminine mind," Freud-Bullitt call this "clearly an attempt to persuade himself that his own behavior was not fem-



Wilson in 1919  
Described with a flutter.

inine by transferring his own attitude to Clemenceau."

Wilson found it difficult "to maintain friendly relations with men of superior intellect or position," write the authors. Why? They were father figures against whom he could vent the repressed hostility toward his own father, which, as any amateur Freudian knows, lurked behind the ostentatious affection. "Wilson's immoderate Super-Ego demanded from him the impossible." Why? "Because he was the son of God." Faced with aggressive (that is, masculine) resistance to his peace program, he practiced the feminine strategy of capitulation. Why? "His unconscious desire to be Christ invented the comforting theory that he could obtain all that he wished without a fight, that he could hand all his weapons to his enemies and convert them by that noble gesture into saints." Describing Wilson's 1919 cross-country campaign to plead his



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case for a League of Nations, the authors observe: "One may be sure that in his unconscious, when he boarded the train he was mounting an ass to ride into Jerusalem."

**Blurred Picture.** There is scarcely a rational way to accommodate such statements. It turns out that neither Freud nor Bullitt was aware of the existence of certain Wilson diaries and correspondence that would have been essential to their study. Besides, modern psychiatry has so enlarged on Freud's elementary understanding of the psyche that experts now would find his arguments embarrassingly simplistic. It is certain that no responsible psychoanalyst today—even given only the data that Freud had to work with—would reach the same conclusions.

*Look* magazine last month invited a rebuttal from Allen Dulles, former CIA chief, who knew the President. "Wilson had his frailties," wrote Dulles, "and Freud's study perhaps helps us to understand their emotional origins, but the total picture of a great figure in our history is blurred. In this study, great areas of Wilson's thought and actions, and his dynamic idealism, are passed over in silence."

Silence, indeed, is a virtue that Freud and Bullitt should have practiced to the end. Their cruel and graceless book has managed grossly to distort the character of a man while—at least in this instance—reducing psychoanalysis to the level of a fantastic parlor game.

## Nights of Song & Stars

**SHEPHERDS OF THE NIGHT** by Jorge Amado. 364 pages. Knopf, \$5.95.

"Open the jug of rum and give me a swallow to clear my throat." That is the way tales are begun in northeastern Brazil. And when the storyteller is Jorge Amado, it is well to take another swallow and settle back for an epic journey into passion, music, gambling, a bit of fighting and all manner of discursive side trips; Amado holds that there is "nothing worse than telling a story hurry-scurry, slipshod, without carefully analyzing everything."

In this new novel, his fifth to be issued in the U.S., Amado, 54, tells tall tales of Bahia, the great, sun-drenched seaport that the Brazilian government calls Salvador. The first of his three themes deals with the astonishing marriage of Corporal Martin—a card-sharp and famed *capoeira*\* fighter—to Marialva, who is as beautiful as a saint in a procession but as dark and devious as Lilith. This story soon blends with one about Negro Massu and the christening of his blue-eyed son. There are problems here, since Ogun, the Voodoo god of iron, has been named godfather. The priest is puzzled by the throng crowding his church for the baptism,

\* An all-out style of brawling brought by slaves from Angola and involving hands, feet, head butting and, if available, a knife or razor.

SOFT AS A KISS

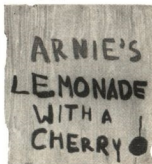
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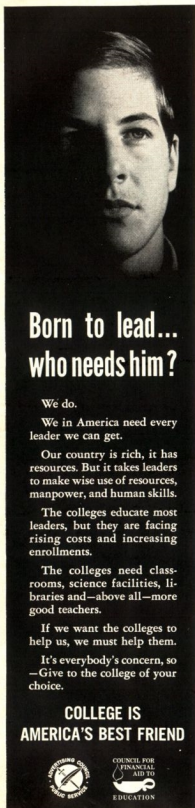
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JORGE AMADO IN BAHIA  
Swallows from the jug.

but it goes off well since everyone knows that "Catholicism and Voodoo blend with and understand one another." The final theme describes how the people of a new favela stave off the combined power of the city, state and police.

*Shepherds of the Night* does not quite reach the superb level of such earlier Amado classics as *The Violent Land* or *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*, but it ripples with the special inner music that has made Amado's work popular the world over. Like all Amado's novels, this one is filled with the coppery women of Bahia and the men who chase them through nights of song and stars. They can all say with Amado, "What I tell I know because I lived it, not because I heard it told."

### Biblical Overkill

FIVE SMOOTH STONES by Ann Fairbairn. 756 pages. Crown. \$6.95.

American literature has often been starved for lack of a grand theme—a Tolstoyan war, a Flaubertian passion, a Jamesian conflict of cultures. The Negro revolution, at once violent and vital, agonizing and altruistic, could provide such a theme. Novelist Ann Fairbairn tries to tackle it in this ambitious, achingly overwritten epic. The result is a compelling argument for instant Black Power—if only to avert a sequel.

The five smooth stones of the title are the ones that David carried into battle against Goliath; using roughly 82,000 clichéd words per stone, the author indulges in literary overkill, with her sling relentlessly aimed at the bestseller lists. Her hero is a young, hypersensitive Southern Negro named David, a genius, jazz virtuoso and cripple, who makes his way from a dresser-drawer crib in New Orleans to Harvard and Oxford, and back to the civil rights battlegrounds of the South.

Her white characters, including a college cutup named Sidsy Sutherland and a heavy called Ol' Clete, seem to derive more from *The Hardy Boys* than from life; her Negro dialect is echt *Amos 'n' Andy*.

Consider David's first run-in with nasty white duplicity. At Pengard, an "integrated" Midwestern college, David manfully rejects the homosexual advances of Randy Clevenger, Virginia-born scion of "Southrun" aristocracy. Before anybody can say "tea and sodomy," David himself has been accused of perversion by the effete Dean of Men, whose name, for Pete's sake, is Merriweather Goodhue. Only by the intervention of a tough but noble leader named "Bull" Evans does the poor kid clear himself. Evans simply hires a private eye to prove that Dean Goodhue and Clevenger have been in, well, cahoots.

And so it creeps, from stale crisis to predictable denouement. Will David marry Sara Kent, the white artist who loves him despite race and rancor? Will he accept the tempting offer of a State Department post in seething black Africa? Or will he meet a martyr's fate under the gunsight of nasty Ol' Clete?

Ann Fairbairn is the *nom de guerre* for a 54-year-old California housewife. The publishers understandably are reluctant to disclose her real name.

### Push Job

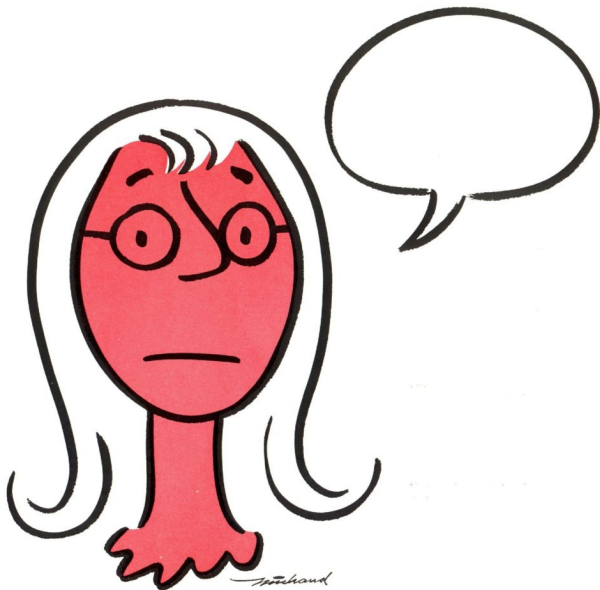
THE MARIHUANA PAPERS edited by David Solomon. 448 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. \$10.

To be with it nowadays, the swinger and would-be swinger are expected to take a blasé if not widely permissive view of LSD, marihuana, and virtually anything else that offers a flight into funville. Since it helps to have a little intellectual support, the more anxiously hip members of the Now Generation will find some comfort in this one-sided propaganda volume in praise of pot.

The book was put together by David Solomon, whose qualifications are limited to the fact that he is a former editor at *Esquire*, *Playboy* and *Metronome*, and his bias is plainly evident. Smoking marihuana, he says flatly in his introduction, is not so harmful as cigarettes or alcohol, and should be legalized.

*Joys of Grass*. Bolstering this familiar argument are 400-plus pages of statements, essays, papers, adulatory fiction and documentary evidence, some of which are impressive, some simply a drag. Composer-Writer Paul Bowles is present with a marihuana morality tale, and so are Baudelaire and Rabelais—under one name or another marihuana has been around for thousands of years. Beat Poet Allen Ginsberg weighs in with an essay on the joys of grass, which he wrote while smoking the stuff. It is safe to report that marihuana does not noticeably affect Ginsberg's literary style: he is as opaque in this piece as he is at other times.

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gument comes from the famed 1944 La Guardia Report, written by responsible scientists and sociologists (though heavily attacked by the A.M.A. at the time). The report concluded that marihuana is not addictive, deleterious to mental or physical health, or the cause of psychotic or criminal behavior. Some more recent medical and statistical evidence also suggests that pot smokers are euphoric and generally agreeable under the influence, suffer no hangovers, and are no more likely to turn into drug addicts than are users of whisky or tobacco. On the other hand, marihuana can precipitate a psychosis in unstable people, and some medical men believe that such people who take up pot are also likely to graduate to stronger stuff.

**Passive v. Active.** If marihuana is really as relatively harmless as its partisans claim, why is it that the public, law enforcers and physicians are so dead set against it? An intriguing though far from convincing reply to that question comes from Dr. H.B.M. Murphy in a 1963 article in the United Nations' "Bulletin on Narcotics." What puts people off, says Murphy thoughtfully, is that pot users become passivists in a world that values activity. "In Anglo-Saxon cultures," he writes, "inaction is looked down on and often feared, whereas overactivity, aided by alcohol or independent of alcohol, is considerably tolerated despite the social disturbance produced."

That being the case, it is hardly likely that passive pro-pots alone will be able to summon the energy to outgauge the active anti-pots. The President's Crime Commission is expected to submit recommendations soon on modernizing law enforcement; it is conceivable that the commission might propose making marihuana legal. Until then, *The Marihuana Papers* will have to be regarded strictly as a puff job.





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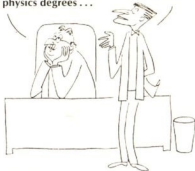
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